AN

INQUIRY

INTO THE

AUTHENTICITY

OF THE VARIOUS

PICTURES AND PRINTS

OF

SHAKSPEARE.

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OF VARIOUS

PICTURES AND PRINTS,

WHICH, FROM THE DECEASE OF THE POET TO OUR OWN TIMES,

HAVE BEEN OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC

AS

PORTRAITS

OF

SHAKSPEARE:

CONTAINING

A CAREFUL EXAMINATION OF THE EVIDENCE ON WHICH THEY CLAIM TO BE RECEIVED;

BY WHICH THE PRETENDED PORTRAITS HAVE BEEN REJECTED, THE GENUINE CONFIRMED AND ESTABLISHED.

ILLUSTRATED BY

ACCURATE AND FINISHED ENGRAVINGS,

BY THE ABLEST ARTISTS,

FROM SUCH ORIGINALS AS WERE OF INDISPUTABLE AUTHORITY.

BY JAMES BOADEN, ESQ.

"We will draw the curtain, and shew you the PICTURE."

TWELFTH NIGHT.

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INTRODUCTION.

The interest excited by our greatest poet extends beyond his writings. Shakspeare's commentators have made the most skilful researches to ascertain the incidents of his life. The late Mr. Malone, in particular, was fortunate enough to correct much error on this subject, and to leave the few particulars we have of his family and himself proved by documents, which will hardly now be disputed. Unfortunately the life of the poet by that gentleman was left unfinished—he conducted him only to the period of his quitting Stratford; and the remaining section, which should have been devoted to his appearance in London, is occupied by the essay on the chronology of his dramas. I am little disposed to blame his editor for not giving that for which he received no materials, but the many conversations which I had the honour and happiness to hold with Mr. Malone upon this subject,

(some of which I see he very flatteringly remembered) convince me that, though he left no record, he had accumulated much ; and that he could have proceeded to the very end of the poet's existence, and have poured forth at every period, abundance of new fact, or refutation of long established mistake.

The commentators, while they inquired after the actor and the poet, did not altogether neglect his personal resemblance. But very unfortunately, they conducted the latter inquiry in a way little likely to lead to certainty. They usually worked themselves up to the feeling of partizans rather than that of inquirers, and determined to see no marks of authenticity out of the frame of their favourite portrait. But the few pictures, that have any claim to be considered, being already of great age, and having sustained much injury, it becomes a duty in the poet's worshippers, to settle, if possible, the person of their divinity ; and not leave posterity to a wretched indecision, among hundreds of copies and pretended originals, in which the true pictures are debased, and the nation in-

sulted, and his admirers look in vain for any traits of their great and amiable poet.

A reader who rises from the perusal of Shakspeare's writings will be apt, from a fanciful analogy, to invest his person with extraordinary graces; and his portrait is required to reflect all the intelligence in his works. Experience of nature, it is true, commands us to limit such expectations; and indeed art must disappoint them even if they were just. Shakspeare has himself told us, with his usual point, that "the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit."

If we read over the cotemporary allusions to Shakspeare (when the writers were not obviously irritated by his success) we find the most cordial assent to his great and amiable character. He is *admirable in the quality* he professes; he is the wonder of the age for his genius, and THAT was not for an age, "but for all time." As a man of business, he is strictly correct and honourable—as a friend and fellow, as well as a writer, *his mind and hand go together;* he is

the gentle grace of society, and redeems the profession he adorns, from the galling odium which illiberal prejudice had chained about it. Aubrey, on perhaps good authority, has added something to these pleasing features. He tells us that " he was a handsome well-shaped man, very good company, and of a very ready, and pleasant, and smooth wit."

Of such a man, therefore, who would not wish to possess an exact resemblance? Accuracy in such a matter is every thing. Our wish must be, by the aid of picture, to enjoy him in private life; to sit with him in the same room; and, while we have before us the inspirations of his mind, to catch the characteristic look of his meditation, or perhaps the smile with which he brightened his familiar circle. Happily, I think we do possess satisfaction of this nature. It is the object of these pages to shew, that in very few cases of a similar kind have we likeness more strongly authenticated. Both the pencil and the graver have perpetuated the features of our poet. It is our duty to convey to distant times the pleasure we ourselves enjoy—to relieve

them, while we have the means, from the spurious portraits; to establish and extend the true; and thus hand down, along with works that are never to die, the express image of him who composed them.

Of all the follies which expensive triflers commit among us, the cruellest is that which is called illustration. The reader knows that I allude to the practice of tearing the portraits from the works of our great authors, to combine them in some fantastic series under a particular reign. The mania is inconceivably violent. Let a man once begin to illustrate a chronicle, a Clarendon, or a catalogue, and a fortune only can purchase the bauble. I would, by some rare, because pleasant, Act of Parliament, compel these collectors, to restore such accumulated plunder to the original possessors—

> " So distribution should undo excess,
> " And each book have enough."

The first authentic collection of the plays of Shakspeare was printed for Messrs. Heminge and Condell, by Jaggard and Blount, in the

year 1623, though a copy is in existence dated one year earlier; it is a medium folio, printed with two columns on each page, and exhibits the plays, with the simple and natural classification, under the three heads of Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: meaning by the middle term, such dramas as had been constructed from the materials of our English chronicles.

The copies of this book, called the first folio, are usually found divested of their original title; and the reason is, *not* that this page was more liable to injury than any other, for it was sufficiently guarded by the leaves preceding it, but that it has been torn out, to afford an illustration to some fanciful assemblage of English portraits. The process then has been, to get the head from the second, third, or fourth impressions of the book, and let this into a spurious title-page printed for such purposes. The original price of the folio 1623 was one pound—the highest price it has ever yet brought at our book-sales is 107 guineas, which the late Mr. Boswell paid for the copy that was Mr. Kemble's. This

book, it is true, had been rendered extremely beautiful, and had in its various stages cost Mr. Kemble nearly three times that sum. It had been purified from all stains by the usual chemical process; it had then been inlaid into a royal paper, and superbly bound, at first in three volumes, but finally compressed into one. Thus sumptuously equipped, it was deposited in a neat case with a lock and key; and except to the truer order of bibliographical antiquaries, remains the most precious copy of that folio. The class to which I have alluded, prefer it in the condition of Sir Walter Blunt, perfect in its members, but "stained with the variation of each soil" it may have passed over, from the time it was printed, till it reaches the metropolis from some manor-house in the country, and after being thumbed by several generations, at last settles, new bound, in splendid repose upon the shelf of some library of ostentation. By this explanation, I am naturally led first to consider what is called Martin Droeshout's print of Shakspeare.

MARTIN DROESHOUT'S PRINT OF SHAKSPEARE.

In the year 1623, Heminge and Condell, two friends and fellows of our poet, published the first complete edition of his plays. On the title-page of their folio is impressed a head of Shakspeare, to which Martin Droeshout the engraver has put his name. It should be looked at in a clear and good impression, in this genuine book; for as the same plate was used in the succeeding folios, the wear of it during sixty-two years may be supposed to have done injury to the skill, mean as it was, of the engraver; and in also affecting the likeness, time may be said to have done, however extraordinary, a solitary injury to Shakspeare. In other words, Droeshout's original copper-plate is made to furnish out a portrait of the poet in the edition of 1623; in that of 1632, in which

it continued very tolerable; and in the two latter folios of 1664 and 1685, when I confess it to have become, what it has frequently been called, "an abominable libel upon humanity."

It will readily be granted that, as a work of art, it is by no means skilful, even for that time. They certainly had better artists. Seven years earlier, CHAPMAN's Homer had been published, with an engraved head of that translator, of the very finest character. It is too well known to our collectors, to demand any particular praise in this place. I can only regret, that the portrait of Shakspeare was not equally fortunate. Chapman's engraver would have left nothing to desire, unless indeed the vain wish that Vandyke could have painted ONE destined to a kindred immortality.

We all know that *mere* likeness does not rest upon excellence in art. A great painter in his work has many other points that attract him. He is to compose a picture. He may aim at the expression of the general character, and slight the detail. He may consider too attentively grace of position, and turn out of hand

a finished performance, which, when compared with his sitter, is only the "romance of real life." In nearly all families, you find some inferior portrait which is there preferred to the finer picture. The one, they will tell you, is reckoned a capital performance of the great master of the time, but the other is the exact resemblance of their relation. In the one you think of the painter, in the other of the sitter. Vulgar art is fitted to satisfy vulgar taste—it besides exaggerates the points in which resemblance consists. I am not saying that such abortions of art *should* be preferred—I am only shewing that likeness may be found, where nothing else exists for which the picture is desirable.

I feel tempted to select one striking instance of the important truth above explained; and I solicit the indulgence of such as may think it digression, to leave the Dutchman, for Sir Joshua Reynolds. The great painter of our country, full of the spirit of Michael Angelo, conceived and executed a sublime portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse. He used

freely the mighty impersonation of the prophet Joel in the Capella Sistina. The subject excited his imagination, and inspiration informs the whole of his composition. But as a *likeness* of Mrs. Siddons, it confessedly fails. Yet I do not believe that this was intended by the artist —mere identity was lost in the magnificence of his design; and perhaps from the late Mr. Harlow's picture of her as Queen Katherine, the most correct notion may be acquired of the features and expression of Siddons. When Reynolds modestly inscribed his name upon the hem of her garment, he bestowed greater longevity than he received.

> " The actor only shrinks from Time's award,
> " Feeble tradition is his memory's guard."

The picture will in distant times astonish those, who never heard of the actress; and one general impression of unappropriated grandeur will be all the result of this amazing portrait.

To return at length to Shakspeare and his first engraver. The catalogues tell us that Droeshout engraved, besides the head of our

poet, portraits of John Fox, the martyrologist; Richard Elton; John Howson, Bishop of Durham; and Lord Mountjoy Blount. That he was also employed upon Haywood's Hierarchy of Angels, and executed a print of Dido stabbing herself, for Stapylton's octavo Virgil.

The head of Shakspeare is confessedly inferior to some of these works. It has been therefore supposed that he engraved after a very coarse original, if indeed he did not work from personal recollection, assisted by such hints as might be given by those who desired this embellishment for their book. Some ten years ago I was shewn a picture, which appeared to be painted by the very artist who supplied Droeshout with the likeness of Shakspeare. The figure is a half-length. The dress of the person is like that of Shakspeare—the ruff is in form the same. On the left hand, at the top of the canvass, is painted anno 1602, ætat. 25. On the right, in the taste of the Shepheard's Calendar, is this quibbling emblem—*Sperando, ferendo, vivo, vinco.* He wears moreover "a seal-ring, probably of his grandfather's," the

arms on which are plain enough for a herald to interpret. Distance is nothing with such painters. If their subject had a heap of coins before him, you step up to the picture, as you would to the table, and may peruse the evidence of many a king's reign. Who this person was I know not, but I owe him my attentions, for thus shewing me the exact manner in which Shakspeare was painted. Here were therefore no volunteer infidelities, as Mr. Steevens subsequently asserted, on the part of the engraver—we may rest assured that the engraving was scrupulously faithful to an indifferent original; I mean indifferent only as to its style of art; for as to its resemblance, we may be confident it was deemed perfect by those who best knew the man, most regarded and most regretted him. "The stage," in language no less true than complimentary, "despair'd day but for his volume's light." To Heminge and Condell, therefore, it was essential to perpetuate his countenance with his works. Though his hasty but immortal compositions had none of his own care, to that of his fellows

they were every way entitled: they constituted the precious stock of their company—the great possessors, as they were once angrily called, were the true heirs of his inventions, with a remainder indeed, after their right had ceased, that extended to countless generations.

The complimentary verses of Ben Jonson, fronting this portrait, are too important not to require accurate quotation.

FROM THE FOLIO 1623.

TO THE READER.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the print would then surpasse
All that was ever writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.

It has been sneeringly said of them, that "it

is lucky these metrical commendations are not required to be delivered upon oath." It has been also insinuated, and by Mr. Steevens, that Ben Jonson might know little about the art; care less about the resemblance; and never having compared the engraving with the picture, have rested satisfied with the recollection that the original was a faithful resemblance, and that no doubt the engraver had achieved all that his art could perform. Such was that most ingenious gentleman's opinion in the year 1794. The preceding year he believed there was no picture—the succeeding year he fancied himself to have discovered the absolute original of Droeshout's print. He found many very marked differences between this picture and the print; but he resolved to conciliate them, no matter how—the engraver was faithless, and Ben Jonson indifferent. The player editors, who were so deeply indebted to the poet, took an abominable imitation of humanity for his likeness, and were contented to exhibit their hyperion as a satyr to the remotest posterity!

But the time is gone by, when so little regard was paid to the plain and sincere declarations of Jonson. He was neither ignorant of art, nor indifferent to Shakspeare; and I make not the smallest doubt that to him, to Heminge and to Condell, and a whole "tyring room" of admirers, it did appear "a strife of art with nature," to outdo the life; so perfectly did the print exhibit their great and lamented friend.

And I should here feel disposed to ask a man, who had really seen a good impression of this print, what he finds there, to induce him so easily to "hunt after new fancies?" To me this portrait exhibits an aspect of calm benevolence and tender thought; great comprehension, and a kind of mixt feeling, as when melancholy yields to the suggestions of fancy. Such, I well remember, it appeared also to Mr. KEMBLE, when some years since we examined this subject together*. He pronounced,

* While these sheets are passing through the press, I am shocked and grieved with the intelligence, that my excellent friend has departed this life, at an age that allowed a reasonable hope of many years of honourable

decidedly, that from neither picture nor prints did HE derive any thing so truly characteristic of Shakspeare, as he found in this despised work of Droeshout.

The dress of the poet I certainly look upon to be a stage habit; and it is worth while to remark, that the hair is strait, and not curled, as it is in the bust at Stratford, and also in the picture called the Chandos, now in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Buckingham. Perhaps the following conjecture may not be

retirement. At no very distant period, I hope to deliver to the public a work, the object of which is to record his progress in the art which he professed, and also to display his personal character as it unfolded itself during an intimacy of near thirty years. Fortunately the materials before me are at once abundant and authentic. It is my design in this work to pay equal attention to the splendid talents of his sister Mrs. Siddons. I cannot at all hope to do justice to the one, without embracing the other in my theatrical picture; and even then the work would be imperfect, did it not notice the concurring, though not equal merits, of those who acted with these great performers during their ample professional course.

very remote from the fact: Ben Jonson, it is now ascertained, wrote for the Player Editors the Dedication and Preface to his works. He gave his signature to the lines opposed to this portrait, as well as the splendid address to his memory, then first printed. Shakspeare acted in 1598 in Every Man in his Humour; and the author of that play has rendered it clear, that the part he played was Old Knowell. Perhaps it would be difficult to exhibit any thing more descriptive than this portrait, of the way in which Shakspeare looked the staid, sensible, feeling, and reflecting father, in his young friend's drama. If Shakspeare also was the happy occasion of this play's being acted by the then Lord Chamberlain's servants, it is by no means unlikely that Jonson commemorated his recommendation and his performance, by having his portrait in the character of his old merchant. He might, on the publication of the works of Shakspeare in 1623, allow his picture to be engraved for that edition, and wind up the kindness by a poetical certificate of its perfect resemblance. We owe it to Mr.

Gifford that, at this time, a man can fearlessly state any presumed evidence of friendly feeling towards our bard on the part of his great competitor; who will not pass in future as the author of an "envious panegyric," when he salutes his memory in terms, which he only knew how to combine, and which the genius of Shakspeare alone could justify.

The above, it may be said, is but conjecture; but it is a very important one, as to the various portraits of the bard; because, if we are authorized to regard the present as the likeness of the actor in a certain *character*, that circumstance will help us to account for some differences, which unquestionably exist between this head and other resemblances of Shakspeare, which we have grounds also to consider as authentic.

What may a little confirm the above notion of mine, is the simple fact that, when Marshal afterwards, in 1640, took this print and reduced it for the spurious edition of his poems then published, he turned the poet out of the stage dress he wore in the earlier engraving,

and invested him in a mantle and other habiliments, more suited to the work he was engaged to embellish. He also surrounded the head with an appropriate glory. Whether he did not sink upon us, some of the expression which beamed from the larger head, is a point fairly submitted to judgment. The sprig of laurel in his hand is a very insipid addition; unless it was intended to express the poet's readiness to reward any aspiring votary of the muse.

But if it be thought that this origin of the print too rudely disturbs the settled prejudice against Ben Jonson, and that he must be still deemed not entirely cordial towards Shakspeare, I then consider it not unlikely, that either of his three fellows, remembered in his will, Heminge, Burbage, or Condell, might have had such a memorial of their friend and partner; and used it on the present occasion, by submitting it to the graver of Droeshout. Theatrical men too would naturally look to dramatic character; and if it may be questionable that he represents Old Knowell, it still

may be true, that the dress he wears is theatrical, and the character represented one of similar qualities.

Let it be remembered in aid of this inference, that tradition has invariably assigned to him, as an actor, characters in the decline of life; and that one of his relatives is reported to have seen him in the part of Old Adam, the faithful follower of Orlando, in that enchanting pastoral comedy, the As You Like It. Here then it may be seen, that Heminge and Condell, with some reason, preferred the picture they *did* engrave, to the more splendid portrait, which it is highly probable was in the possession of Lord Southampton. But I question, whether they thought the use of that picture attainable by them. With a disregard of the poet's original devotion of his whole labours to that nobleman, they had determined not to dedicate his works in 1623 to Southampton; but, with an interested view, to inscribe them to the Lord Chamberlain, William Earl of Pembroke, and his brother Philip Earl of Montgomery, Gentleman of His Majesty's Bed-chamber.

Whether Lord Southampton expressed any displeasure at this preference, we are not told; it is most probable that he felt it. He no doubt sent for their book when it appeared in 1623; revived by an eager perusal, the pleasure he had taken in the original performance of these dramas; remembered the delightful and grateful servant whom he had lost; and closed the volume, as to himself, for ever:—for, in the following year, 1624, his military ardour led him to accept a command in the Low Countries: he was seized with a fever, and died at Bergen-op-Zoom on the 10th of November, aged 52, at which period of his life, eight years before, his favourite poet had dropt into the grave.

The above allusion to Shakspeare's great patron will, I should hope, be scarcely deemed a digression. Though their lots in life were different, there was a strong sympathy which united them; and this was MERIT of the MOST EXALTED KIND in their respective spheres. Shakspeare must have shed tears of delight, when, indifferent to his own fate, Essex sup-

plicated the favour of his judges towards his unfortunate friend. Southampton had himself largely contributed to the ease and comfort of the poet's retirement.

I have thus completed what I have to offer as to the head by Droeshout. It has a verification certainly more *direct*, than any other. Ben Jonson is express upon its likeness—Shakspeare's friends and partners at the Globe, give this resemblance, in preference to some OTHERS, equally attainable. There can be no ground of preference, but greater likeness. If they knew, absolutely, of no other portrait, which I cannot think, the verisimilitude of this is equally undisturbed.

THE

BUST AT STRATFORD UPON AVON.

In point of time, rather preceding Droeshout's print, is the bust on our poet's monument at his native Stratford. With the accompaniments to this effigy of Shakspeare I have nothing to do. The death's head, as in this case it indicates only the common dissolution of the frame, is no object of terror; and the two cherubs with the spade and inverted torch, only demonstrate the ambition of the artist to display the emblematic stores of his art. In the bust itself we have a deep interest, because it was no doubt erected at the charge of his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, a learned physician; and it is to be presumed that he would take care it should offer more than a general resemblance to his illustrious relation.

The bust was coloured; and though we

should now look upon such a style of art to be barbarous, there is plenty of proof that such a practice was not unknown to the great sculptors of antiquity. Tradition conveys to us the knowledge, that the eyes were of a light hazel colour, the hair and beard auburn. The doublet in which he was dressed was of scarlet cloth, over which was thrown a loose black gown without sleeves, such as our students of law wear at dinner in the Middle Temple Hall. Perhaps the scarlet might be chosen for the doublet as it was the regular uniform of the king's comedians, or the whole dress refer to some office in the corporation of Stratford.

At what precise date the monument was erected is not known—but in the year 1623 we find it thus alluded to by Leonard Digges*, in

* I find in Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses, that Leonard Digges was about this time returned from his travels, and a resident in University College, but writing for the booksellers. Besides his translation of Claudian's Rape of Proserpine, he had published, the year preceding the appearance of the folio Shakspeare, a romance, from the Spanish of Cespedes, called Gerardo, or the Unfor-

some verses addressed to the poet's memory, among the few tributes of that sort prefixed to the first folio edition of his plays.

tunate Spaniard, in two parts, quarto, 1622. His verses to Shakspeare, both those quoted above, and a still longer poem, might have been composed at the request of the publishers of our poet's works; it is, however, possible, that they might proceed from his genuine admiration, and that he might have gone from Oxford to Stratford, and there have actually seen the monument to which he alludes. Digges died, it seems, in 1635, so that the latter poem on Shakspeare, which is prefixed to the spurious edition of his poems in 1640, must have been left behind among his papers in manuscript, if, as I rather incline to think, it had not made its appearance in some collection of verses, anterior to the poems in 1640. It is, however, full of curious matter relating to the stage and the professors of the drama, and merits our attention, as the declaration of a learned and judicious man with regard to the comparative attraction of Shakspeare. According to Digges, he neither borrowed one phrase from the Greeks, nor imitated the Latins; neither translated from vulgar languages, nor gleaned from other writers, nor solicited their contributions. He is the great support of the King's Company—the poetasters of

Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellowes give
The world thy workes: thy workes, by which outlive
Thy tombe, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy STRATFORD MONUMENT,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This booke,
When brasse and marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all ages.

In the term *brass*, Mr. Digges might allude to the engraving in the folio, certainly upon

the day are recommended to seek the Bull, or the Cockpit, or the Fortune, sure as they must be, to be condemned at the Blackfriars. Indeed Julius Cæsar and Othello were the great favourites of those, who would not endure a line of Catiline and Sejanus; and though the Fox and Alchemist, long intermitted, could not absolutely be quite banished, yet they have scarce, when acted, defrayed the expence of the door-keepers and a sea-coal fire—when, let but Falstaff, and Hal, and Poins, or Benedick and Beatrice, or Malvolio, be announced, and the Cockpit, galleries and boxes, all were filled, and you could with difficulty find a room; such was the popularity of our poet, during the experience of Mr. Digges.—See the Poem itself: Malone's Shakspeare, vol. i. p. 485, ed. 1821.

that metal; it is however more probable, that he used the term in combination with that of marble, as usually entering into the composition of splendid funereal monuments in that age. The effigies of the deceased were frequently cast in brass, and beautifully finished by hand.

What injury the bust might have sustained in the hundred years following its erection, cannot be told; but we do know, that in 1748 the monument was repaired, and the colours faithfully restored, by Mr. John Hall, an artist of Stratford. To provide a fund for this pious work, Mr. John Ward, the maternal grandfather of Mrs. Siddons, gave a benefit play at the Town-hall on the 9th day of September, 1746. The play selected on this occasion was Othello; and the Rev. Joseph Greene wrote an address, grounded on the famous prologue by Pope to the tragedy of Cato; which Mr. Ward had the honour to deliver to an audience properly glorying in their townsman.

Thus then, by the good sense of a comedian, was the bust revived in all its original attractions; and in this state it continued till the

year 1793; when, to gratify a perhaps purer taste, the late Mr. Malone recommended the figure to be painted white, as it now appears. On this topic of our inquiry, we are not obliged to rely on inaccurate drawings or fading recollections. The taste and feeling of the late Mr. George Bullock, so well known by his Museum, having a few years back led him to Stratford to complete a perfect fac simile of the poet's person.

The vicar yielded to the entreaty of this ingenious man, and the bust was once more taken down for the operations of the artist. As I have heard, the cast was taken from it by night; and this awful labour of love once accomplished, the figure was replaced, with a security that it should never again be removed from its base, until "Time itself dissolve the Stratford Monument."

Let us now then examine how the poet is exhibited by this venerable effigy, and compare it with the pictures or prints, which are received among us as authorities for his likeness. The first remark that occurs on viewing this

bust is, that it presents our bard in the act of composition, and in his gayest mood. The *vis comica* so brightens his countenance, that it is hardly a stretch of fancy, to suppose him in the actual creation of Falstaff himself. Very sure I am, that the figure must long have continued a source of infinite delight to those, who had enjoyed his convivial qualities. Among this circle, it is nearly certain the artist himself was to be reckoned. The performance is not too good for a native sculptor.

At the time that Mr. Bullock obliged sundry friends with casts from his bust, there was considerable difference of opinion as to the sculptor's talent. I can allow a great deal in the commendations of a new acquisition. Perhaps, at present, the following estimate of its merits may not meet with much opposition. The contour of the head is well given. The lips are very carefully carved; but the eyes appear to me to be of a very poor character: the curves of the lids have no grace—the eyes themselves have no protecting prominences of bone, and the whole of this important feature is

tame and superficial. The nose is thin and delicate, like that of the Chandos head; but I am afraid a little curtailed, to allow for an enormous interval between the point of it and the mouth, which is occupied by very solid mustaches, curved and turned up, as objects of some importance in that whiskered age. Yet I must acknowledge, that the distance between the mouth and nose is rather greater than is common, in both the folio head and the Chandos picture. There was perhaps some exaggeration here in the bust: viewed in front, it consequently looks irregular and out of drawing—in profile, this disparity is somewhat recovered.

From what picture it was taken, we are not informed. It was not from the Chandos head—the costume is totally different. It was not from Droeshout's original, for the same reason; and for another, assigned in its proper place. It has been suggested, that it might have had the certain model of a mask taken from the face of the deceased; and on this point, our sculptors express different opinions. However, with all

abatements as to the artist's skill, who was neither a Nollekens nor a Chantrey, he most probably had so many means of right information, worked so near the bard's time, and was so conscious of the importance of his task, that this must always be regarded as a pleasing and faithful, if not a flattering, resemblance of the great poet.

It agrees very minutely with the Chandos picture. The nose, a feature liable to the least change, is in both small and delicately formed, and the interval to the upper lip exceeds considerably that usually found in English heads. The head in the folio concurs with both in these points, and we may therefore rely with entire confidence that these were in the nature. We have nothing to do with the wild theories of physiognomers. Had Lavater been to design a nose for our poet, it would probably have resembled that of the rival genius of Spain, Cervantes, or of Shakspeare's countryman, and most probably acquaintance, George Chapman, as exhibited in the engraving of William Hole. Our more humble, but not less pleasing task, is

to ascertain the truth; and as most theories of the kind alluded to may be made to bend to any single and great anomaly, those who follow a system, in preference to the endless diversities of nature, may think their rule established even by the exception. The mouth has no difference in its character in the picture and the bust, though the action is quite opposite. The former closes and compresses the lips; the latter opens them freely, as was demanded by the thoughtful gravity of the one portrait, and the amiable pleasantry of the other. When Shakspeare sat to the painter, his face was rather thin and sharp; in his retirement he had gotten into flesh; and it is possible the consequences of too high health closed his existence at an age so premature as 52 years—for there is every reason to believe that his habits in retirement were extremely convivial; and the hilarity of a companion unequalled for facetiousness, is the expression decidedly intended by the sculptor of the bust.

It is not necessary to say much on the present garb of this figure; I mean the uniform stone

colour bestowed upon it by Mr. Malone. It is, in the first place, better suited to the sacred edifice which contains it; a scarlet coat, bright eyes, and ruddy cheeks, add too strongly to an expression ill chosen, for one who was to sit as the guardian of his own ashes. In the second place, by time the monument might have exhibited a copious variety of complexions, and doublets of changeable colours. Coxcomb taste would have often innovated, and insipid affectation might have been betrayed into a smile.

The late Mr. Hayley has given to SCULPTURE the finest, because most appropriate praise:

> Thou first and simplest of the arts, that rose
> To cheer the world, and lighten human woes!
> Friend of the mourner! GUARDIAN of the TOMB!
>
> ESSAY ON SCULPTURE, EPIST. 2D.

In this view, every thing that unites with the material of the effigy to banish the notion of vital existence and mobility, should be adopted. It is the shocking mockery about it, that disgusts us in a wax figure: smiling countenances and cheeks of rosy health, that remain immove-

able, are a cheat upon our senses. A statue should be a personal resemblance of the being, as accurate as it can be made; with some eye however to the properties of its substance; so that the expression be rather sober than exhilirant; and the drapery rather quiet than fluttering; more ample too in its folds, than the flimsy substances of dress commonly exhibit them. The best notion of a figure that is to preside over a monument, may be drawn (as what indeed that is excellent may not?) from Milton. It is the numbing spell of the great enchanter, that has taken its full effect—the form of the friend we have lost is before us, but a chill and deadly paleness has come upon him;—he sits, and will for ever sit,

> "In stony fetters, fixt and motionless."
>
> COMUS.

I have been the fuller upon this point, because Dr. Drake, the learned and elegant author of a work upon our poet and his times, seems inclined to advocate a censure upon Mr. Malone for this alteration, which originated in personal

hostility, and produced a pointless epigram or two from those whose frauds he had exposed. Whether a funeral monument should be in colours or not, is a point of taste, and therefore admits of various opinions. But the Doctor has one remark on this bust, which, as it relates to our poet's likeness, I cannot leave without observation. He says, vol. ii. p. 623, "There is a very close and remarkable similitude between the engraving from the Felton Shakspeare, and the bust at Stratford." Again, a little after: "Whether we consider the general contour of the head, or the particular conformation of the forehead, eyes, nose, or mouth, the resemblance is complete." It is however but candid to add, that Dr. Drake in a note informs us, that these observations rest on "the fidelity of the engraving prefixed to Reed's edition of Shakspeare, 1803."

Alas! there are four engravings from this picture, all unlike, more or less, to that, and to each other. Mr. Gilchrist, an acute and able writer also on such subjects, has remarked, that "the late Mr. Steevens failed to communi-

cate to the public his confidence in the integrity of Mr. Felton's picture." What basis Mr. Gilchrist may have had for this observation, will be rather strikingly apparent, when the reader shall have perused the very ample discussion into which I shall be drawn, while examining its former pretensions. In the mean time, having before me a very faithful copy in oil from this picture, I would refer the decision to any eye, accustomed to works of art; and am confident that it must be pronounced, utterly *unlike the bust,* in every one of these points of presumed similarity.

THE CHANDOS HEAD.

PAINTER'S NAME UNKNOWN.

The progress of this inquiry has now brought us to the third of the received likenesses of our poet, which was formerly in the possession of the late Duke of Chandos. It is a head, painted on canvass, and seemed to Sir Joshua Reynolds to have been left unfinished by the artist. This is the portrait of Shakspeare, which has been so frequently engraved, and to which the fancy of each succeeding engraver has added every conceivable variety of feature, expression, and dress.

No picture within the last hundred years has been more frequently copied. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted one in 1760 for Bishop Newton, which came into Mr. Malone's possession. A very animated copy of it, I have contemplated with pleasure, among the gifts of Mr. Capell,

the editor of Shakspeare in 1768, in the small apartment devoted to his treasures, in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

There were many persons, who will not be suspected of wanting the greatest admiration of Sir Joshua, who never considered him to be a faithful copyist. I presume this to have been partly the opinion of my late friend Mr. Malone; for in the year 1783, having himself then seen the original picture, he procured the Duke's permission to have a drawing from it, in crayons, executed by a very clever artist, the late Mr. Ozias Humphry; and the result was a portrait exhibiting a very material difference indeed from Sir Joshua's copy in oil.

Mr. Malone has left the following in his hand-writing, on the back of the drawing by Humphry:

"This Drawing of Shakspeare was made in August 1783, by that excellent artist, Mr. Ozias Humphry, from the only original picture extant, which formerly belonged to Sir William Davenant, and is now in the possession of the Duke of Chandos. The painter is unknown.

"The original having been painted by a very ordinary

hand, having been at some subsequent period painted over, and being now in a state of decay, this copy, which is a very faithful one, is in my opinion invaluable. Mr. Humphry thinks that Shakspeare was about the age of forty-three when this portrait was painted; which fixes its probable date to the year 1607.

(Signed) "EDMOND MALONE,
June 29, 1784.

"The original picture is twenty-two inches long, and eighteen broad."

Among various marks of Mr. Malone's kindness, of which I may reasonably be proud, he allowed me to have copies of both his pictures: the artists who executed them for me, were thoroughly aware of the duty of fidelity, and they are in truth fac similes. I am therefore well prepared to state the difference between them, of which I have already spoken.

Sir Joshua's copy is characterized by smartness and pleasantry; that of Mr. Humphry by thoughtful gravity. As to the place and drawing in of the features, the differences are slight, but the effect is what I have described. Whether Sir Joshua, perceiving the picture to be in-

jured and become black from time, had used the freedom to mix something of the expression of the bust with his copy of the picture, I know not; but certainly he has given to his work a brisk pertness, which is clearly not in the copy made for Mr. Capell, and which I certainly do not believe to have ever been visible in the original.

It was about the year 1793 that I myself was permitted, with a friend, to examine that venerable portrait at Chandos House. We took with us what had been termed a fine copy; I think by Ramberg; and found it utterly unlike. Indeed I never saw any thing that resembled it, until my subsequent acquaintance with Mr. Malone shewed me the copy by Humphry, which always hung in his study, and seemed to suggest, by its earnest regard, the subject of so many of our conversations.

We are now called upon to examine the grounds on which the present picture is to be considered a genuine portrait of the bard. The reader will have seen the firm expression of Mr. Malone's belief. He remained to the last entirely convinced of its authenticity; and in-

deed it is traceable from Davenant, through various hands, to the possession of His Grace the Duke of Buckingham, who at present numbers it among the treasures of Stowe. That it should ever have been seriously questioned, might excite some surprise, were it not at the same time added, that the late George Steevens, Esq. was the person by whom it was suspected to be, but on slight grounds, received as a genuine portrait of our author. The wit and ingenuity of that celebrated man, tempted him continually to advocate very singular opinions; and as he had great skill in the weapons of controversy, he could make good battle always, even with an indifferent cause. He undertook to depreciate the present portrait. The means he used were these: If there had been any scandal about the possessors of this picture, such demerit in the owner was made to bear against the picture. Gossip rumour had given out that Davenant was *more* than Shakspeare's god-son.—What folly therefore to suppose that HE should possess a genuine portrait of the poet, when his lawful daughters had not one!

Mrs. Barry was an actress of acknowledged gallantry;—as she received forty guineas for this picture, "something more animated than canvass might have been included, though not specified, in the bargain." I am afraid the learned Commentator here remembered the famous Dol Tearsheet, another lady of acknowledged gallantry, who exclaims to Sir John Falstaff, "'Faith, and I'll *canvass* thee between a pair of sheets." If the name of one of the possessors have no very sonorous dignity, THAT suggests a ridicule which is immediately applied. Mr. Steevens must have chuckled with triumph, when he found a KECK among them. But this is puny pleasantry—at last, collecting the artillery of his annoyance together, he devotes the whole tribe, like a true Anthropophaginian, to become a sacrifice to his humour, and styles our picture the

"Davenantico-Bettertono-Barryan-Keckian-Nicolsian-Chandosan,"

canvass—forgetting that it could not but be honourable to the parties, to possess the real, or

even supposed likeness of the greatest of our poets.

This artifice he had in truth practised in a remarkable instance before, on a different occasion. Finding it for his purpose to exhibit the text of the first folio of our author, as of questionable accuracy, he thus expresses himself in the matchless pleasantry of his advertisement to the edition of our author's plays published in 1793:

"We have sometimes followed the suggestions of a Warburton, a Johnson, a Farmer, or a Tyrwhitt, in preference to the decisions of a Heminge or a Condell, notwithstanding their choice of readings might have been influenced by associates whose high-sounding names cannot fail to enforce respect, viz. William Ostler, John Shanke, William Sly, and Thomas Poope."

The reader sees that this *weighty* criticism has no more solid base to support it, than that he finds these vulgar names in the folio, among the list of the actors who performed in our author's plays.

Mr. Steevens knew, few men so well, that after the fire of 1613 had probably destroyed

some of the manuscript plays of Shakspeare, along with the Globe theatre, for which they were written, Messrs. Heminge and Condell had published them according to the copies in their possession at their house in the Blackfriars; which they believed to be (bating a few curtailments which he might have made or allowed) absolute in their numbers as he conceived them. Mr. Steevens knew, that there was no choice of readings to be influenced by the humble men, whose *sounding* names "could not it seems fail to enforce respect;" and whom this Editor of Shakspeare devotes to ridicule; though the mere circumstance of having acted in his plays, ought to have secured for them the *unforced* respect of every rational admirer of the poet. But this man of wit might have recollected who said of Joshua Barnes, "that he had less Greek than an Athenian cobler;" and whatever were the names of these poor men, they could probably, ALL, have explained allusions, dark even to his own extensive knowledge of English manners; and as to the language of their day, they might have contemptuously smiled at the

extravagant conjectures of the modern sages, whom he so awfully enumerates.

Such tricks as these have not entirely discredited his labours; but they have naturally enough secured for him the title of the Puck of Commentators.

All this might have passed, and been perhaps the reigning opinion, but for one unlucky discovery, on which the reader will allow me to dwell at some length. Our admirable poet, Dryden, was known to have received a portrait of Shakspeare, as a present from Sir Godfrey Kneller, whom he repaid by a copy of verses written certainly between the years 1683 and 1692. From what picture Kneller copied, was not known. But at length Mr. Malone, when occupied on the Life of Dryden, discovered that he copied the head now called the Chandos, and that his work was in the possession of Earl Fitzwilliam at Wentworth Castle. Now Dryden had seen the original for years together, at the residences of either Davenant or Betterton, or both. He had no doubt often conversed with them as to its authenticity; and the ac-

count he received, made him earnestly wish to possess a fac simile of the portrait. His friend, Sir Godfrey, therefore, could not have bestowed upon him a gift more valuable. But a few lines from his verses to the painter, best express his delight:

> Shakspeare, thy gift, I place before my sight;
> With awe I ask his blessing ere I write;
> With reverence look on his majestic face,
> Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.

Here then we at once step back to the 17th century, instead of being obliged to consider the picture as one that excited no notice till the early part of the 18th. We may be clear also, that Dryden considered himself to be in possession of an unquestionable likeness of Shakspeare. The story of it, therefore, has all the confirmation that Dryden's belief could bestow; and he would not have allowed Kneller, when he designed an obligation, to waste his skill in copying any picture, which, being doubtful, would want to him the only value that could be in a copy.

The history of it, rendered thus credible, follows: It was very probably painted by Burbage, the great tragedian, who is known to have handled the pencil. It is said to have been the property of Joseph Taylor, our poet's Hamlet, who dying about the year 1653, at the advanced age of 70, left this picture by will to Davenant. At the death of Davenant, in 1663, it was bought by Betterton the actor; and when he died, Mr. Robert Keck, of the Inner Temple, gave Mrs. Barry the actress 40 guineas for it. From Mr. Keck it passed to Mr. Nicoll of Southgate, whose only daughter married the Marquis of Caernarvon.

So much for the transmission of the picture, which is painted on canvass; and a man must be little conversant with the portraits of 1607, to start an objection, because it was not painted upon wood. I know very well, that some of the smooth painters, about this time, and long after, preferred pannel, for subjects that were to be very highly finished, and seen near. The wood allowed of a thinner and more transparent system. You frequently, in these pictures, see

the absolute grain of the wood through a tinted gelatinous substance, merely vehicle, but amazingly brilliant. The absorbent ground of the canvass took the oil entirely from the surface, and left their colours heavy and opaque. Here therefore they were compelled to use great body of colour, and to paint with deeper shadows. The pannel pictures generally have the features little relieved by shadow. To end the question in a word, our palaces and ancient country seats are crowded with portraits painted upon *canvass*, about this period.

The earliest engraving from this picture, of decided excellence, is one by Duchange, from a drawing by B. Arlaud. The latter was, I imagine, the son of Jaques Antoine Arlaud, a delightful artist, who came over to this country in 1721, aged 53, and might therefore have a son, who with his name could bring to any work much of his talent. The father was an enthusiast in his art, and I should consider his son to have had a kindred impulse, when he made his drawing from the picture, then in Mr. Keck's possession, in the year 1725. But

finding the original not painted by a great artist, and looking upon himself as perhaps most faithful to the poet when he departed from the painter's drawing, he has considerably altered the features, but preserved the expression of the countenance, with perhaps some heightening. As to the dress, he has considered himself perfectly at liberty. Instead of the original doublet, he has exhibited the poet in a slight summer waistcoat, open to the seventh button; and thrown negligently about his shoulders a sort of camblet cloak with a lining of a lighter colour, and, as it seems to me, of a different material. But the expression of his head atones for all; it is giving to genius a local habitation and a name. Duchange engraved it extremely well in the line manner, and it is, in my judgment, by far the best engraving hitherto from the picture. He reverses the head, as all the engravers did, even as low down as Houbraken in 1747; but he has not troubled us with any emblematical additions, in the style of the illustrious heads; there are neither daggers and masks, nor everlasting oil, nor eagles full-

summed, nor crowns of laurel or of bays; but upon a sarcophagus, which on the corners of its slab bears the names in small of the two artists, we read, in the fine hand-writing of that period, the expressive and yet simple inscription—"Mr. William Shakespeare."

As every thing that relates to Shakspeare is interesting, the reader may desire to hear something about the engraver of his portrait. Gasper Duchange was a native of France, and a member of the Royal Academy of Arts at Paris. He was a contemporary of the celebrated John Audran, and received his academic honours in the very year that the latter was appointed engraver to the King of France. Mr. Strutt thinks that he was rather a neater engraver than his competitor, and that the etching is not so predominant. As I cannot learn that Duchange was ever in this country, there is this circumstance singular in his print, that Arlaud's drawing was sent over to Paris; and thus the best engraving of the great poet of England was executed in France.

Mr. Theobald, with his usual good sense,

gave this print as the sole embellishment of his octavo edition of our poet's works in 1733: if indeed the list of his subscribers, adorned with all the rank and talent of the country, be not deemed itself a curious and refined embellishment.

There are still a few circumstances relating to the picture, of which some notice should be taken in this examination. There is it seems a tradition, that no original painting of Shakspeare existing, Sir Thomas Clarges caused a portrait to be painted from a young man, who had the good fortune to resemble him. Mr. Malone found this tale to exist upon the assertion of a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine for August 1759; he observes, that this gentleman never produced his authority for pronouncing this to be an *absolute fact*, though repeatedly called upon to do so. Still, however, he has himself told us, that most reports of this kind are an adumbration of some fact; an indication of something in kind or degree similar or analogous.

Perhaps the truth may be, that the anecdote

is not entirely groundless. Sir Thomas Clarges might wish himself to possess a picture of Shakspeare; and not being able to discover one, resort to the contrivance mentioned above, placing the folio print, and the living likeness, together before the artist—for it should be remarked, that no tradition mentions Sir Thomas as having been *one* of the possessors of the Chandos head. That the writer in the magazine never replied to the queries which were put to him, is by no means conclusive, or even presumptive evidence of imposition; and I think Mr. Malone was too hasty in this inference. The writer of the anecdote might never see the queries. It does not necessarily follow that he took in the magazine. I am quite sure that many curious facts are sent to such repositories, by persons who do not constantly read the miscellanies in question. Is it a probable thing, that the writer of the article should *invent* a story, consistent enough in its data, embracing the name of him who ordered the picture, the *manner* of its production also, (so likely a resort), and this too for no object

but mischief? I therefore, at all events, more charitably conceive, that the tradition had fairly reached him; that he gave it, as he received it, to the respectable periodical work of the time; and perhaps at most looked to see that his communication was correctly printed.

The writer of our anecdote added, that Cornelius Jansen was the artist who painted this picture for Sir Thomas Clarges. But as there is abundant proof that Jansen painted the poet in his life-time, we arrive at the certainty of one mistake in the tradition. To which may be added, that the Chandos canvass has not the smallest look of Jansen's manner. He in general painted his heads upon board, and in truth, was an artist only inferior to Vandyke: whereas the reader will have found the Chandos picture to have been painted by an *ordinary* hand, but to possess unquestioned resemblance to the poet, and to have been very carefully transmitted through the hands of authenticated possessors.

Davenant, as we learn from his biographers, was born in the year 1606; Shakspeare died when

this his god-son was ten years old. The boy, as we are told, was fond of running out to meet him, when he passed through Oxford. There is therefore a high probability that he remembered his person, and was sure of the verisimilitude of Taylor's picture. He would no doubt frequently express this to both Betterton and Dryden. Betterton accordingly bought the original, and Dryden was made happy by Kneller's copy from it. I regret, not for Kneller's sake but ours, that Dryden did not let out more of his mighty spirit, in the verses by which he repaid the painter's kindness. He might have rendered them the vehicle of a discriminated character of Shakspeare, such as should rival that written by himself in such admirable prose; but I gave, above, all that was of real moment. The other passages are a common-place of panegyric, such as he might know Kneller's outrageous vanity demanded; which no painter ever yet merited; and which, notwithstanding, the fashionable artist of every age has certainly received. It is amusing moreover to see him cramming upon Kneller, the very drug with

which Ben Jonson had so long before choked the Dutchman Droeshout. Even the rhymes are the same:

JONSON.

Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to outdo the life.

DRYDEN.

Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almost conquer in the strife.*

Poetry indeed hardly ever speaks of painting with any exactness of commendation. When, as before quoted, Dryden writes of the "*majestic* face" of Shakspeare, unquestionably he says of it what the picture, in any usual sense of the word, does not exhibit. When applied to either man or woman, or to lower ranks of

* Gravity itself must relax into a smile, to find our poet even preceding Jonson in this allusion: he had *published* the following couplet in the year 1593:

"Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
"His art's with Nature's workmanship at strife."

VENUS AND ADONIS.

animal nature, majesty always implies an aspect of command, a visible feeling of superiority. There is nothing of this in the picture.

But although it is too characteristic of our poet's amiable and modest nature, to be what Dryden terms *majestic*, it is nevertheless interesting in no common degree, and will be always, I think, the favourite exhibition of Shakspeare. The eyes have great expression, and the compression of the lips indicates the earnest employment of the mind—it is a rare combination of penetration and placid composure. The original picture has become so dark from age, as to have deepened the expression of gravity into sternness; this may be apparent to those who have been indulged with an impression of the private plate, which has been engraven at the command of the noble possessor of the picture. I therefore, in opposition to Mr. Boswell, strictly adhere to Mr. Humphry's drawing in 1783. Forty years make great changes in a picture, left originally unfinished, of which much of the surface has been cleaned away, and which in its "nighted colour," is certainly but the ghost

of what it once had been. In Mr. Malone's opinion, the drawing of Mr. Ozias Humphry is invaluable. I have fortunately the means of perpetuating the view taken by that artist of this venerable portrait. As not the slightest indication of the dress remains, I cannot countenance another invention, in addition to the liberties taken already by the various copyists and engravers. The countenance is clearly made out by the artist, and that is all that we can really ascertain. It was to terminate all delusion upon this subject, that the present work was undertaken.

THE

PORTRAIT BY ZUCCHERO.

About the time that I first inspected the Chandos head, or not long after, my old friend Sir William Beechey mentioned to me, that Mr. Cosway had what he termed an original picture by Zucchero, of the poet, and that I had better look at it. Accordingly, soon after, we went to Mr. Cosway's together, and finding him at home, we had the picture taken down; and those excellent artists agreed, that it was unquestionably a head by Zucchero. It was painted upon pannel, and on the back we read the poet's name, Guglielm: Shakspeare.

The picture exhibited a youthful poet, leaning with his face upon the right hand; the head stooped forward, in earnest meditation, with the evidences of composition lying before him. A very coarse mezzotinto from it may still be found among the dealers, which gives but an

imperfect likeness, inasmuch as most of the beauty, and much of the sentiment, are missed by the engraver. Indeed the print is as rude as the picture was delicate and refined. Decent pains were wanting in the very setting out of this print; for the artist, I remember, was barbarously written down Zucro.

The age of the person whom Zucchero thus painted, must have been verging upon 30, because the beard is full, dark, and luxuriant; the hair black; the eyes bright, and full of intelligence. But unfortunately, Zucchero never could have painted Shakspeare. Having exhibited some of the pope's officers, with ass's ears, over the gate of the church of St. Luke, the patron of painters, he was compelled to fly to preserve his own:—he went first to Flanders, and in 1574 came to England, where he painted Queen Elizabeth twice, and also Queen Mary of Scotland; who, for some time after, might be said to be rather *rusticated* than confined, and in 1583 was very near obtaining her liberty altogether.

His stay in this country was certainly not

long ; probably five or six years at most. If he left us in 1580, Shakspeare was then only 16 years old, and at his native Stratford, paying his court to fair *Mistresse* Anne Hathaway, and indubitably undistinguished by dramatic talent; though he might have even then cultivated the Muses, and framed perhaps some of the Sonnets, which he wrote upon the subject of *Venus and Adonis,* before he fixed on the stanza, in which he finally composed that elaborate, and, in many respects, most beautiful poem.

It is said of Zucchero, that he was offended at our religion. There were plenty of Catholics, both open and concealed, to preserve him from the imputation of singularity ; and the great number of our nobility and gentry, who employed him, may shew, that our religion by no means *protested* against the hand which bestowed the graces of art. He quitted us, however, before the atrocious murder of Queen Mary violated something more sacred than the prejudice of a zealous Catholic, by outraging the common feelings of humanity.

About a year before Mr. Cosway died, I called upon him, to inspect the picture carefully again, that I might not be compelled to rely upon an impression made five and twenty years ago. He told me, upon my pointing to its old position in his sitting-room, that he had lent it to a very amiable friend of his, a female artist, who had requested leave to copy it. While we conversed upon other topics, he sent his servant to that lady, with a desire that she would indulge him with it for a few minutes. He was greatly surprised to find that the fair artist had returned it to him a considerable time since; but it had not been replaced in his parlour, and he in vain tried to conjecture what had become of it.

This portrait was an oval, life size, most delicately painted, with something peculiar in the oblique, or cat-like position of the eyes. I may add, that it had not the slightest resemblance to the traditional complexion, and established features of the great poet of England. Of Torquato Tasso, indeed, it bears more than a slight look; and struck an accomplished friend

of mine, as indicating all the mingled characteristics of genius and passion, that denoted the mighty author of the Gerusalemme Liberata. I feel no difficulty in declaring it to be an Italian portrait; and it might indeed have been painted for himself or his brother Taddeo:—nor are the indications of poetical composition in this picture at all adverse to such a supposition, for Federigo certainly wrote and published verses: most of the painters of Italy combined very different powers together; were at the same time poets, painters, architects, and musicians; and they shewed that, as the fine arts might be reduced to one common principle, so they might all center in some highly-gifted individuals. The reader, on the subject of this common principle among the elegant arts, may thank me for referring him to the Abbé Batteaux's treatise, *Les beaux Arts reduits à un même principe.*

The only point of relation between Zucchero and Shakspeare is, that they both died in the same year, 1616.

It is proper for me to remark upon the facility

with which persons inscribe names or dates, or both, upon portraits of unquestionable antiquity. Here we find the name of Shakspeare curiously imprest upon the pannel. But there is something base beyond common crime, in thus catching a sordid profit from the generous enthusiasm that leads men to honour the mighty dead—

" And out of their own virtues make the net,
" That shall enmesh them all."

OTHELLO.

SHAKSPEARE,

BY CORNELIUS JANSEN.

ANNO 1610, ÆTAT. 46.

In the year 1770, the play of King Lear was published by White, in Fleet-street, as a specimen of what the Editor intended with respect to the whole of Shakspeare's works. The plan was exceedingly judicious, and differed from that of Mr. Capell only, by making the collations of the various copies accompany the poet's text, instead of assembling them in volumes of another size, and to be published at a distant time*.

* To shew how a necessary task may be ridiculed, and what a test of truth this precious RIDICULE is likely to be, we may instance the treatment of Mr. Jennens. This laborious gentleman used to spread the various copies, ancient and modern, of our poet's works, in a rather

To the above play of King Lear was prefixed a very delicate mezzotinto by R. Earlom, from the original portrait of Shakspeare in the possession of Charles Jennens, Esq. of Gopsal, in Leicestershire, the ostensible patron, but real editor of the work. That gentleman was firmly convinced of its authenticity. What communication Mr. Jennens made upon the subject of this picture to the critics of his time, I cannot discover: under his print from it, he merely states, that it was painted by Cornelius Jansen, of which indeed even the print exhibited sufficient evidence. The late Mr. Steevens, speaking of the fortunate possessor of this picture, says, that he "was not disposed to forgive the writer who observed that, being dated in 1610, it could not have been the work of an artist who

distant series, and pass himself rapidly from one end of his collection to the other and back again, line by line. Mr. Steevens, I suppose, must have seen him at this brisk collation, for he fastened upon his rival the title of the *shuttle-cock* Commentator.

never saw England till 1618, above a year after our author's death." There were other inferences which he might leave Mr. Jennens to draw—such as this, that if, however, he could be certain of his painter, that certainty was decisive against his poet—or this other, that if still he deemed the head a Shakspeare, Jansen could merely have copied it from some other picture.

Mr. Steevens was unfortunately a person, who took a very marked delight in ruffling the complacency of others. Finding in Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, vol. ii. page 8, the words—"Jansen's first works in England are dated about 1618" (in which, as will be afterwards shewn, Walpole was certainly wrong), he at once assumes the year 1618 to be the date of the painter's arrival in this country, and throws it at the picture in Jennens's possession, to blot out the characteristic proofs of its authenticity. However, be it observed, that, having been born in the year 1564, in 1610 our great poet was certainly 46, as this picture expresses him; and further, that in a slight, but neat

scroll over the head, there are the two words UT. MAGUS. which very personally indeed apply to Shakspeare. The two words are extracted from the famous Epistle of Horace to Augustus, the First of the Second Book; the particular passage this:

Ille per *extentum funem* mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta; meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut Magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

No man ever took this "extended range" more securely than Shakspeare; no man ever possessed so ample a controul over the passions; and he transported his hearers, AS A MAGICIAN, over lands and seas, from one kingdom to another, superior to all circumscription or confine. This always was deemed the peculiar characteristic of Shakspeare; and great as the merits of his contemporaries unquestionably were, had Ben Jonson been to apply this passage of his beloved Horace to some poet of the reign of King James, he would assur-

edly, have written the two words in question over the portrait of Shakspeare.

When Mr. Steevens assumed the year 1618 to be that of Jansen's arrival in England, he could not but know that Walpole's book itself exhibited a doubt *when* he arrived. "According to Sandrart, he was born in London*, of Flemish parents; but Vertue, and the author

*232. Cornelius Jansonius Londinensis.

Belgis propterea annumerari potest, quia Parentes ejus in Belgico Hispanico nati fuerant, et ob tumultus saltem bellicos Londinum concesserant, ubi hunc deinde genuére filium. Hic cum ad artem pictoriam sese applicuisset, iconibus potissimum conficiendis operam dedit; unde in servitia Caroli Stuarti Regis Angliæ assumtus, Regis atque Reginæ, totiusque aulæ elegantes elaborabat effigies. Ortis autem inter Regem hunc atque Parlamentum dissidiis, adeóque in turbas hasce involutâ tota Anglia, Jansonius noster unà fere cum omnibus celebri oribus artificibus aliis ex Anglia discedebat, translato in Hollandiam tum temporis omni felicitatis genere affluentem, domicilio: ibidemque postquam icones confecisset egregias plurimas, tandem anno 1665. Amstelodami ex hac miseriarum valle emigravit.—Sandrart. Academiæ Picturæ Nobilis. Caput xx. p. 314.

of an essay towards an English school, say it was at Amsterdam, where, the latter asserts, that he resided long; the former, that he came over *young*." Mr. Vertue also pronounced his earliest performances to be his best. It is extremely probable that Sandrart was right in his assertion, and that Jansen, born among us, started as a painter in London; but, however this may be, if he came over to us, he came over young, for Mr. Malone thus notices the old mistake respecting his arrival:

"Mr. Walpole has stated that Jansen came into England about the year 1618, (the reader has seen what Mr. Walpole really *did* state); but this is a mistake; for I have a portrait painted by him, dated 1611, which had belonged for more than a century to a family that lived at Chelsea."—*Life of Shakspeare,* edition 1821, vol. ii. p. 429.

Here we certainly see him in the practice of his art among us seven years before the assigned date of his arrival; and we are carried one year farther back by the picture under examination, which has an English character at all events, if it should be contested that it was the

character of Shakspeare. However, now the objection is removed, that it could be painted by Jansen, I believe on the matter of most moment it will speak for itself. Nothing can more distinctly embody our conceptions of Shakspeare. It is extremely handsome; the forehead elevated and ample; the eyes clear, mild, and benignant; the nose well formed; the mouth closed, the lips slightly compressed; the hair receding from the forehead, as of one who would become bald; the beard gracefully disposed, and a very neat laced collar thrown over a dress such as the poet, from his circumstances, his character, and his connexions, might be supposed to wear. Indeed at this period the players in general were censured for being splendidly drest in silks and satins. There was doubtless no exceeding on the part of Shakspeare;—he who shews himself in the Sonnets, to have enjoyed the familiar intercourse of Lord Southampton*, would certainly

* In opposition to the late Editor, I consider the greater number of these short poems to be addressed to

sit for his portrait in a costume at once simple and elegant.

It is not a little curious, that we should possess undoubted proof that Cornelius Jansen was the painter employed by the great patron of Shakspeare. "At Sherburn Castle, in Dorsetshire (says Walpole), is a head of Elizabeth Wriothesley, eldest daughter of Henry Earl of Southampton, and wife of William Lord Spenser;

his patron, and that they refer to many interesting circumstances in his professional life. The Sonnet I now allude to is the 57th.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose;
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are, how happy you make those.

her head richly dressed, and a picture in a blue enamelled case at her breast. This picture is well coloured, though not equal to another at the same seat, a half length of her mother, Elizabeth, daughter of John Vernon, wife of Earl Henry. Her clothes are magnificent, and the attire of her head singular—a veil turned quite back. The face and hands are coloured with incomparable lustre, and equal to any thing this master executed."

With this absolute certainty as to Jansen's being Southampton's painter, I might assume, that it is highly probable he would have employed him to delineate his favourite poet: that this is the picture so painted for that magnificent nobleman; and that it once hung among the illustrious members of his family, in one of his splendid residences, Tichfield, or Beaulieu, a shining proof of his own genius, taste, and liberality. I am unable indeed to prove the transmission of this lovely portrait from the seat of the great Earl to the mansion of the Commentator on Shakspeare. It may, however, have been a part of that collection once

divided between the Dukes of Portland and Beaufort, by one of whom it might have been presented to Mr. Jennens. When he published from his picture so beautiful an engraving as that by Earlom, it is greatly to be regretted that he was not more communicative. I can only express my conviction, that it is a picture of the poet; and in my judgment, fully to be relied on.

I hope that Mr. Jennens did not allow his faith to be shaken in respect of the fine portrait he possessed. Mr. Steevens, in his turn, made his election of a picture, which he considered to be the original of Droeshout's engraving. Could Mr. Jennens have perused the laboured essay in which he endeavoured to impress conviction, in spite of the very refutation he at the same time produced, he might have said, "here is started among us a new species of advocate; one who demonstrates, that the whole evidence of the case is against his cause; and that he expects a verdict, from the jury's forgetting all the statement he has made, and listening only to the expression of his wishes at the close of it."

But Mr. Jennens might have requested any persons, whom his witty assailant had led to smile at his pretensions, to compare his picture in some important traits with the bust at Stratford. He would point to the identity of the forehead, and the placid unbroken sweep of the eye-brows. He would shew that the general contour is the same—he would notice that the expression is different, only because the painter had the surer taste:—he closed those lips that the sculptor opened. The latter aimed at a particular and casual expression of hilarity; the former exhibited the general expression of his countenance and his mind. A marked difference to be sure remained in the style of the beard and the mustaches; in the picture, both are waving and artless; in the monument, the one turns up with a Bobadilian fierceness, and the other, like the fashion of Southampton's beard, courts the form of the *dagger*, or rather of the *spade*. The print of Droeshout, differing from both in these particulars, exhibits our poet with a beard clipped close to the chin; a mode that, while he was an actor, he probably

preferred: the chin, unencumbered by its native growth, left the player at liberty to *discharge* his part, as Bottom has it, "in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your *French* crown-coloured beard; your perfect yellow."

With respect to the picture by Jansen, one point is clear enough—Mr. Jennens seems to have acquired it after the year 1761. This is ascertained by a reference to the very exact catalogue of his pictures at the house in Great Ormond Street, which may be found in a work of the period, called *London and its Environs*. There we find only Vandergucht's drawing in crayons from the Chandos picture. But in 1770, he published, as has been stated, Mr. Earlom's beautiful engraving from his new acquisition. In the regular course of business, the picture, after Earlom had done with it, should have gone to the magnificent residence he had built at Gopsal in Leicestershire, to take the honourable position that had no doubt been assigned to it by Mr. Jennens. I incline to believe that it never reached the gallery of

that fine seat. In 1773 its owner died, and Gopsal became the property of the late Penn Asheton Curzon, Esq. who had married the niece of Mr. Jennens.

Although the utmost reliance can be placed upon the fidelity of Earlom, under Mr. Jennens's anxious inspection, it became desirable to compare some proofs of his print, in my possession, with the original picture, to see whether the resemblance could at all be heightened by the present admirable artist. I accordingly wrote to Earl Howe, the noble proprietor of Gopsal, expressing my wish to review the picture, which I did not at all doubt must be there with the rest of the collection. I received an answer from his Lordship, which stated that, unfortunately, the only head of Shakspeare in his possession, was the drawing in crayons by Vandergucht, 'certainly of no great antiquity,' as the Earl observes: he was pleased to add, how happy it would have made him to concur in the object to which I had drawn his Lordship's attention.

Thus it is ascertained, that the picture has

wandered from its original mansion; and where it is now to be found, and the cause of its alienation, will be subjects, I trust, of diligent inquiry. In the mean time, the most perfect engraving is supplied from the only accessible authority. It is in truth an object of the highest importance; because, however faithful, the *other* originals of our poet are the work of very indifferent artists. Cornelius Jansen is, in his happiest portraits, only inferior to the hitherto unequalled Vandyke.

A few words yet remain to be added as to this artist, and the period of his residence among us. The accounts given of him at page 71, admit of easy reconciliation. The author of *an essay, &c.* says he resided long at Amsterdam; and this is also said by Sandrart. But if he began to paint among us at the lowest date assigned, namely 1618, he could not have resided as a painter *long* in Amsterdam, previous to his coming to this country. It follows, therefore, that the residence in Holland was, as Sandrart describes it, a measure of necessity. He left this place when the civil war frightened from us every thing

like elegance, and then certainly resided long at Amsterdam, since he did not die till 1665; so that he probably passed more than TWENTY years among the Dutch, after he had quitted us either in disgust or alarm. The real history of Jansen, therefore, seems to be this: Upon the miserable sack of Antwerp by the Spaniards in 1576, his parents took refuge in England, where, some time after, they gave birth to their son Cornelius. Here he grew celebrated for his art, was employed by Southampton, and painted Shakspeare. An honour hardly less was yet reserved for him; for in 1618, Milton's father carried the author of Paradise Lost, then in his tenth year, to sit to the greatest portrait-painter then in England. It may teach us reliance upon Jansen's fidelity, to find as we do, in the expression of young Milton, that time only developed and expanded the features; the same characteristics are found in his boyhood and at his maturity.

THE

FELTON HEAD OF SHAKSPEARE.

ARTIST UNKNOWN. 1597. R. N.

Of this portrait, it may be sufficient celebrity to record, that the late Mr. Steevens held it to be genuine; the original from which both Droeshout and Marshall engraved, and the *only* authentic picture of the poet. In the European Magazine for the months of October and December, 1794, that ingenious critic gave to the public the grounds of his belief; among which most certainly never entered any one circumstance which had been stated with regard to the picture. On the contrary, he has himself detected all the arts of the dealers, exhibited to contempt the baseless fabric of their visions, and closed with entire reliance upon the authenticity of a portrait, which he could not prove to have been in existence so long even as himself.

All the known history of it is this: In the

catalogue of the fourth exhibition and sale by private contract at the European Museum, King-street, St. James's-square, 1792, this picture was announced to the public in the following words:

No. 359. A curious portrait of Shakespeare, painted in 1597.

On the 31st of May, 1792, Mr. Felton bought it for five guineas; and afterwards, wishing to know where it came from, he requested its history from Mr. Wilson, the conductor of that Museum, who answered him in the following terms:

To Mr. S. Felton, Drayton, Shropshire.

SIR,

The head of Shakspeare was purchased out of an old house, known by the sign of the Boar, in Eastcheap, London, where Shakespeare and his friends used to resort; and report says, was painted by a player of that time, but whose name I have not been able to learn.

I am, Sir, with great regard,

Your most obedient servant,

J. WILSON.

Sept. 11, 1792.

Here we find it to have been purchased out of an old house, where Shakspeare and his friends used to resort—*The Boar's Head*, which he had immortalized by the presumed resort of Falstaff and Hal; but which there is no syllable on record to prove was ever frequented by Shakspeare and his friends.

On the 11th August, 1794, nearly two years afterwards, Mr. Wilson becomes more communicative to Mr. Steevens, than he had been to the purchaser, and adds to his account of the picture, "that it was found between four and five years ago, at a broker's shop in the Minories, by a man of fashion, whose name must be concealed," with a part of whose collection of pictures it came for sale to the Museum, attended with the story of the broker. There it was exhibited for about three months, seen by Lord Leicester and Lord Orford, but being mutilated, (not however as to the *features*, remark), those discerning noblemen would not purchase it, though they both, we are *told*, allowed its authenticity.

The first story seems unaccountably to have

forgotten the *fire* of *London* in 1666, when a strong east wind in a few hours left the whole of Eastcheap a mass of smoking ruins, and the wretched inhabitants could think of saving nothing but their lives*. If therefore such a

* An extract from Mr. Evelyn's Memoirs, will shew the horrible certainty of the destruction alluded to.

" 1666. 2 Sept. This fatal night, about ten, began that deplorable fire near Fish Streete, in London.

" ——— 3. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn, and went to the *Bankside in Southwark,* where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole Citty in dreadful flames near y^e^ water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the *Three Cranes,* were now consum'd.

" The fire having continu'd all this night, (if I may call that night which was light as day for 10 miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce Eastern wind in a very drie season, I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole South part of y^e^ Citty burning, from *Cheapside* to y^e^ *Thames,* and all along *Cornehill,* (for it kindl'd back against y^e^ wind as well as forward), *Tower Streete,* Fenchurch Streete, *Gracious* Streete, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now

picture hung in the club-room, to out-stare the puritanical wretches of the rebellion, there it must have perished, unless, as Mr. Steevens suggests, it had been alienated before the fire. But it seems it was purchased out of some Boar's Head, ancient or modern; it might have been snatched away prophetically before the fire alluded to, to be replaced in a succeeding house on the same spot. If the old Boar can bear no testimony in its favour, the Commentator is desirous to whet up the tusks of his modern representative.

Accordingly, as though such a miracle were to be expected, or at least not disdained, know-

taking hold of St. Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them."—Vol. i. p. 371.

ing that any original house where Shakspeare used to meet his cotemporary wits, could not possibly exist, and thinking himself, the picture to be alienated before the fire, he absolutely seems to have imagined it possible, that the Flemish painting might have been brought back to a new house erected on the old site, and sets out on the most forlorn of all expeditions, to hunt after the effects of any modern landlords of the new Boar's Head in Eastcheap.

A Mr. Sloman had quitted this celebrated public-house in 1767, when all its furniture, which devolved to him from the two immediate predecessors, was sold off. He, however, declared his utter ignorance of any picture on the premises, except a coarse daubing of the Gadshill robbery. Philip Jones of Barnard's Inn, the auctioneer, who had sold off Sloman's effects, was next sought for; but, as a common lot, he had himself been knocked down a few years ago by Death, and the catalogues of his achievements had vanished with him; otherwise, something like a small or *obscure* painting, which had escaped Mr. Sloman's recollec-

tion, (an *obscure* picture of Shakspeare too, who had bestowed the very sign upon his house!), might have been found, lotted with other garret lumber, in one comprehensive, but neglected heap of rubbish.

But the learned authenticator did not stop here. Mr. Brinn, Sloman's predecessor, had left a widow. After her husband's decease, she had quitted the Cheap, and went into Crooked-lane, commencing business there as a wire-worker. One, who had been her apprentice, (no youth), upon an attempt to *wire-draw* something from him upon the subject, very ingenuously told them, that his mistress was so particular in her stories, and told them so often, that he could not possibly forget any article that she had communicated as to the Boar's Head—that she often spoke of the painting that represented the robbery at Gads-hill, but never so much as hinted at any other picture in the house; and if there had been any, he is sure she would not have failed to describe it in her accounts of her former business and place of

abode, which supplied her with materials for conversation to the very end of a long life.

So much for Mr. Wilson's report as to this picture's having been purchased out of the Boar's Head. Our able refuter of his own evidence, here triumphantly remarks—"A gentleman, who for several years past has collected as many pictures of Shakspeare as he could hear of, (in the hope that he might at last procure a genuine one), declares, that the Eastcheap legend has accompanied the majority of them, from whatever quarter they were transmitted. It is therefore high time that picture-dealers should avail themselves of another story, this being completely worn out, and no longer fit for service."

It is hardly worth remarking, that to this fanciful region, the Minories, we have been indebted for many curious discoveries in the *literary*, as well as *pictorial* world. No wonder, therefore, that this nameless man of fashion should have wandered curiously through its shops, in the search of invaluable matter; and

if his purchases were made with similar vouchers for their authenticity, no wonder that two years after he had acquired them, the treasures themselves, in full body, came for sale to the conductor of the European Museum. Let us look a little now at the naked fact. Here is a portrait of Shakspeare, with his name translated into French upon the back of it, with the date of 1597, and the initials R. N. in the handwriting of Elizabeth's reign; all this too, plainly legible, for it is stated in the catalogue; and yet, after three months' exhibition, it brings our man of fashion but five guineas, though Lord Leicester and Lord Orford were convinced it was a genuine picture, and its condition only prevented its giving a powerful attraction to their distinguished residences. But it displays, it seems, indubitable marks of its own authenticity. To these therefore we must next direct our attention.

"This portrait is not painted on canvass, like the *Chandos head,* but on wood. Little more of it than the entire countenance, and part of the ruff, is left; for the

pannel having been split off on one side, the rest was curtailed and adapted to a small frame."

The Chandos head is devoted in course to every sort of depreciation; we have accordingly the following note by Mr. Steevens upon the above allusion:

"A living artist who was apprentice to Roubiliac, declares, that when that elegant statuary undertook to execute the figure of Shakspeare for Mr. Garrick, the Chandos picture was borrowed; but that it was, even then, regarded as a performance of suspicious aspect; though, for want of a more authentic archetype, some few hints were received, or pretended to be received, from it.

"Roubiliac, towards the close of his life, amused himself by painting in oil, though with little success. Mr. Felton has his poor copy of the Chandos picture, in which our author exhibits the complexion of a Jew, or rather that of a chimney-sweeper in the jaundice."

Here we learn several very surprising matters—*first*, that the picture was borrowed for Roubiliac, but that it was then regarded as

a performance of *suspicious* aspect—*second*, that some *few hints* only were received; or stay, not even so much as that, but, as a compliment to the owner of it, merely *pretended* to be received. M. Roubiliac, it seems, had really and truly the same feeling toward the picture as Mr. Steevens himself. But mark the end of the business—this very elegant statuary, also about the close of life, handled the pencil; and on what does he employ his attention? why on this very suspicious head of Shakspeare, which furnished at most only a few hints for his statue, or which were rather pretended to be received than actually taken.

So that an elegant artist despises a picture too much, to use it when he composes his statue of the poet; and then, to prove how justly he had done so, makes himself a copy of the picture, to keep before him as a record of the actual features of the poet. There could be no other conceivable motive for his making the copy, which in the usual style becomes an immediate object of the most contemptuous ridicule from Mr. Steevens.

Upon the back of the Felton picture is painted Guil. Shakspeare, 1597. R. N.

Mr. Steevens, in a note upon this point, thus expresses himself: "It is observable that this hand-writing is of the age of Elizabeth, and that the name of Shakspeare is set down as he himself has spelt it." Indeed! nay, but we must question this business to know it farther; for nothing is surer than that he never had so spelt his name; and that the Commentators themselves had helped the forger of the endorsement to this their favourite orthography, which the foreign painter could not take from the poet; would never himself think of inventing; and consequently, if he wrote it from the title-page of any thing published, the Venus and Adonis, 1593, or the Tarquin and Lucrece in 1594, would have exhibited the London propriety of Shakespeare, and not the Stratford barbarism of Shakspere, or even Shakspeare. And it is not a little curious that Mr. Malone, when exposing the treasures of another *nameless* man of fashion presented to the world from Norfolk-street, had also to remark, that he had incautiously led the

forger into this very error of exhibiting the poet's name, as he himself had never written it*. The reader sees, therefore, that however it may be now agreed to spell this immortal word in his works, "we yet hold it not honesty to have it thus set down" on his picture: it unluckily anticipates a decision, erroneously made at last; since, if there be truth in sight, the poet himself inserted no *a* in the second syllable of his name, and in London nobody left the letter *e* out of the first. It really would be a waste of time to go into the endless controversy as to his name; and I only touch upon it, to prove that

* See Mr. Malone's *Enquiry*, p. 121.

I know of no instances of this orthography in print, far enough back to be deemed authorities, but the two following:

The 4to. King Lear, 1608, for Nath. Butter, (sign. B.), where it is Shak-speare.

Ditto. Two Noble Kinsmen, 1634, by John Fletcher and William Shakspeare, *Gent.*

The other quartos, the folios, the Sonnets, the Venus and Adonis, and Tarquin and Lucrece, all have the name —Shakespeare. So have all the verses addressed to him.

the endorsement on the picture *must* be spurious.

Mr. Steevens has well remarked, from Lord Mansfield upon the Douglas cause, that "there are instances in which falshood has been employed in support of a real fact." The resemblance to Droeshout's print might not be thought evidence enough to prove the picture Shakpeare's, unless his name were written on the back, in imitation of the penmanship of the maiden reign—they therefore determined to "bring a corollary, rather than want a spirit;" and in this attempt "to make assurance double sure," the putters forth of this adventure, risked the destruction of the whole enterprise. At Shakespeare, no one would have started; for who expected a Flemish painter to turn orthographer? But we could not repress our wonder to find the modern innovation adopted in the year 1597.

> For though the treacherous tapster Thomas
> Hangs a new sign out three doors from us,
> We hold it both a shame and sin,
> To leave the good old SHAKE-SPEARE Inn.

With this suspicious docket upon the portrait, let us examine whether it could ever be Droeshout's original. The forehead is not only different in character, but the ablest artists have assured me, that Nature never produced one of such a form, and that the boundary of the skull is shamefully inaccurate: it is a very narrow egg in its shape, and if the whole were made out, the skull would want the occipital portion —so that it would be shallow in one sense, however its prodigious frontal pile might seem to claim for its possessor, powers more than could be rounded in heads of the usual proportions. The nose is very different indeed from that exhibited by the engraver. Droeshout has given, like the monument and the Chandos picture, a nose of a truly English character, rather delicate than large, and round at its termination. The picture exhibits this feature somewhat flattened, and squaring into the form of the lozenge or diamond. The mouth is feebler in the picture than the print, and the beard thinner and poorer—more faint and evanescent. But the great difference regards the

eyes; which in the picture, and in Trotter's engravings from it, have a painful obliquity, which the print disclaims; the latter too displaying the arched bent of brow so admired in that age, while the picture draws it as a horizontal line over the left eye, with little advantage to the expression of the face. Indeed, it is in this article of expression generally, that I consider the print so superior to this picture. Where, in the latter, do we find anything beyond a placid insipidity, a poverty of intelligence, and, at most, a barren indifference? But the print has great comprehension, and tender thought—a smile, rising to render the pensive enchanting, and an indication of both the will and the power to do great things.

To descend to more trifling matters. Mr. Steevens could not fail to observe, that what was to pass in the picture for a ruff, is the imitation of no substance that ever was worn, in no fashion that ever was invented. It is an obvious interpolation, after a glance at the print, by one who was no artist, and is like nothing but a small portable pillory about the neck; a board,

instead of muslin or cambric, scored across, without even understanding the meaning of the points which cross the duplex compartments of the ruff in the engraving. Droeshout's is a part of dress, whose bend follows the figure in its set: that of the picture has no reference to any neck or chest; it is not a band, it is no ruff; it is, as I have said of it, a disgraceful appendage, and defying a parallel in the art of design.

Here, therefore, Mr. Steevens had much to do: and he did here, what he ever did upon similar occasions; he tried the force of his ridicule against obvious propriety. The incurvation of Droeshout's ruff he thus tries to reprobate:

"From its pointed corners, resembling the wings of a bat, which are constant indications of mischievous agency, the engraver's ruff would have accorded better with the pursuits of his necromantic countryman, the celebrated Doctor Faustus."

And this ill-placed derision excited a smile from grave considerate men, and blinded them from the discernment of one mark of imposition.

He moreover told us that, when Marshall engraved from this picture, he made the line of the ruff *straight*, as it is in the picture. I have Marshall's print before me, and most certainly this assertion is not true. The line is curved, though not so boldly as Droeshout's; for this reason too, that such a curve would not have suited the new habiliments in which he clothed the poet. But he imitated the texture of Droeshout, together with the radial points crossing the inner division of it; it is ample too in its sweep, and not stubborn and narrow, like the wretched appendage to the picture. "Marshall too," says Mr. Steevens, "when he engraved it, reversed the figure." To be sure he did; and did he never ask himself, how it happened that Droeshout, on his hypothesis, did not do the same thing? Yes, the picture, and an engraving pretended to be taken from it in 1623, absolutely LOOK THE SAME WAY; though, even as late as Houbraken's, all the heads were reversed by the engraver, as a common practice.

But how did it happen that Marshall, who was a superior engraver, yet did not produce a

more accurate likeness from the picture, if he copied it?—He could not be suspected of similar volunteer infidelities with those by the Dutchman. He would have exhibited the conical forehead, the straight eye-brow, the flattened nose, the thin beard of the picture, one would think. Nothing like it. Marshall saw no picture; Droeshout was his original; only that, having reduced it as to size, he was unable, with all his skill, to give a tithe of the expression communicated in the folio by the "mischievous agency" of the Dutchman.

What then, I may be asked, do you think of the picture in question? Is it entirely painted from the print? Certainly not; a painter of skill would have seen the fine points of the expression, and preserved all that the print conveyed, if he did not even improve them. My opinion is this—people had long been seeking for pictures of Shakspeare. Every thing was, during my youth, warranted HIM, that had a high forehead, little or no hair, and the slightest look of the known prints of him. I conceive then, that, at last, some fragment of an early portrait did

occur, with more than usual resemblance as to the position of the head, and the costume of the hair. I suppose that this was improved into still closer resemblance; that the ruff was daubed on in the mutilated state of the picture, and the name placed on the back of it in the hand-writing of Elizabeth's reign, and in the modish orthography. A very short time after the appearance of this picture, it was proved, as to our poet's *writings*, that BATS had indeed been abroad; and Mr. Steevens became aware of their "mischievous agency." Yet he yielded to the portrait, what he denied to writings under the hand and seal of Shakspeare, and laboured to produce a conviction in others, that the Felton head was genuine, and the only authentic portrait of our great bard. He did more; he inferred, that all who subscribed to Trotter's engraving from it, were sincere believers; a matter to which I myself can give a decided negative—MANY subscribed, who only wished it genuine.

Mr. Boswell, in the advertisement to Mr. Malone's Shakspeare, edition 1821, has the fol-

lowing singular elucidation, as to one subscriber: "My venerable friend, the late Mr. Bindley of the Stamp-office, was reluctantly persuaded, by his importunity, to attest his opinion in favour of this picture, which he did in deference to the judgment of one so well acquainted with Shakspeare; but happening to glance his eye upon Mr. Steevens's face, he instantly perceived, by the triumph depicted in the peculiar expression of his countenance, that he had been deceived." Mr. Boswell has something still stronger, as to the portrait in question. It is both mysterious and distressing to the admirers of Steevens. Thus he writes at page 27 of the advertisement: "There are not, indeed, wanting, those who suspect that Mr. Steevens was better acquainted with the history of its manufacture, and that there was a deeper meaning in his words, when he tells us, 'he was instrumental in procuring it,' than he would have wished to be generally understood; and that the fabricator of the Hardiknutian tablet had been trying his ingenuity upon a more important scale."

I too have heard various tales of the wanton pleasantries of the ingenious Commentator, in some of which he was decidedly aspersed; and I am assuredly unwilling to believe, that one who took so much interest in the detection of the *forged* PAPERS of the poet, could at the very time be guilty of counterfeiting his resemblance. But if still such a thing be possible, then I should think the matter capable of some extenuation. I should consider it done, not for the barren object of laughing at credulity, but to afford a reasonable gratification to himself and others; and in this way—Mr. Steevens might have thought, with every body else, that Droeshout's print coarsely exhibited the genuine Shakspeare: that it was in vain longer to expect the picture to emerge from any seat in the country. If therefore any old head could be so worked upon, as to give somewhat a more refined style to the exhibition of our poet, it might be replacing the truth by the aid of fiction, and at all events present to the public what was certainly like Shakspeare. It is not incurious, that Mr. Steevens should have allowed my friend

Mr. G. Nicol to purchase the head from Mr. Felton at FORTY guineas, rather than secure it at ANY price for himself. He was not much in the habit of weighing money against *peculiar* gratifications; but, in this instance, he chose to retain merely a copy of it, made for him by the late Josiah Boydell, Esq. a man whom to name is praise enough. That artist worked upon it until no discoverable difference remained; and the fac simile was before Mr. Steevens constantly till he died. Mr. Steevens drew a little himself, and was much conversant in pictures; but in such a fabrication as is here spoken of, if he conceived it, and directed the execution, he must have had the aid of some painter in oil. Mr. Fuseli, it appears, pronounced the picture to have been the work of some Flemish hand.

There is however something of strange coincidence in what I have before stated. Mr. Wilson receives in 1792 from a man of fashion, who must not be named, a head of the poet, dated in 1597, and endorsed Guil. Shakspeare. About the same time, were received sundry deeds, letters, and plays of Shakspeare from a

gentleman, who in like manner was not to be named. And they abounded in the hand-writing of Elizabeth's reign, and also exhibited the poet's name with the recent orthography of the Commentators. I do not know that this picture might not have been intended to appear among the infinite possessions of the *nameless* gentleman. When I first saw this head at Richardson's, I found that it had been a good deal rubbed under the eyes; but that there were no circular cracks upon the surface, which time is sure to produce. There was a splitting of the crust of the picture down the nose, which seemed the operation of heat, rather than age. I remember the difficult task Mr. Boydell described, when he afterwards, by softening the paint, and pressing with the pallet-knife, succeeded in fixing these warped and dissevered parts to the oak pannel, on which they originally reposed. If it ever originated in the quarter alluded to, it might have been considered as spoiled in the Egyptian operation of the oven, and so have been condemned to the Minories or the Museum.

The most careful examination satisfied Mr. Malone, that the Felton picture was a fabrication. The same research proved to him the perfect authenticity of that called the Chandos. He used smilingly to repeat a truism stated by Mr. Steevens in the year 1793: "Much respect is due to the authority of portraits that descend in families from heir to heir; but little reliance can be placed on them when they are produced for sale (as in the present instance) by alien hands, almost a century after the death of the person supposed to be represented."

Would not one imagine, that Steevens had written this passage to establish rather than refute the Chandos picture, and to predict and expose his own fallacy of the following year? It was absolutely in October 1794, that he ventured to write, as to the Felton head, in the following strain: "How far the report on which Mr. Wilson's narratives (respecting the place where this picture was met with, &c.) were built, can be verified by evidence at present within reach, is quite immaterial, as our great

dramatic author's portrait displays indubitable marks of its own authenticity. Yet by those who allow to possibilities the influence of facts, it may be said that this picture was probably the ornament of a club-room in Eastcheap, round which, other resemblances of contemporary poets and players might have been arranged;—that the Boar's Head, the scene of Falstaff's jollity, might also have been the favourite tavern of Shakspeare;—that when our author returned over London-bridge from the Globe Theatre, this was a convenient house of entertainment; and that for many years afterwards, (as the tradition of the neighbourhood reports), it was understood to have been a place where the wits and wags of a former age were assembled, and their portraits reposited."

A club so constituted, would probably have been of the description named by the Spectator *everlasting*. Who shall say that at the fire of London the president might not have been sitting, surrounded by the gallery of portraits here so easily assembled? Taylor, the water poet, to be sure, was in his grave; but some

other ingenious sculler upon the Thames might have recollected the symposium at the Boar's Head, and have rushed in to save the devoted, not to say besotted admirers of Shakspeare. Like another Æneas, he might have recommended the precious *portraits* to the hands of the venerable president, and then borne him triumphantly on his shoulders, through the horrid glare of the conflagration, and the clouds of smoke and dust from the falling ruins, till he reached the purifying waters of the Thames.

> Tu, genitor, cape sacra manu, patriosque Penates.
> Me, bello è tanto digressum et cæde recenti,
> Attrectare nefas; donec me flumine vivo
> Abluero.
>
> VIRGIL, 2 ENEID, v. 717, &c.

But it is time to be serious. To Mr. Steevens it could not but occur, that this gentle speculation had no other tendency than to countenance a fraud, which he had himself sufficiently exposed; for the Eastcheap legend it seems accompanied by far the greater number of these *genuine* pictures, produced from time to time!

But let us a little examine the PROBABILITIES, which are allowed by some, it seems, the influence of facts. 1st, "This picture was probably the ornament of a club-room in Eastcheap." This first probability depends so much upon the second, namely, that "the Boar's Head might have been the favourite tavern of Shakspeare," that they must be considered together.

Now that there was any tavern with the sign of the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, in Shakspeare's time, is itself exceedingly doubtful; for though the old play of Henry Vth told him that there was a tavern in Eastcheap that sold good wine, it said nothing about the sign of it; and our poet, when he hung up a sign there in his own play, hung up one, with which he was familiar in *another* place, namely, near the playhouse in Blackfriars. There was a further propriety in the ascription of this sign to a house frequented by Falstaff, namely, that the Boar's Head in *Southwark* was part of the benefaction of Sir John Fastolf to Magdalen College, Oxford; and this is mentioned by Mr. Steevens himself, in his note upon the passage in 1st Part of

Henry IV. But the third probability is personal to the poet, and requires some little examination before it can be allowed the influence of fact. "When our author returned over London-bridge from the Globe Theatre, this was a convenient house of entertainment." Now all this is gratuitous assumption. How is he warranted to assign the poet a residence so removed from the scene of his business? His connexion with the Blackfriars house did not commence till the year 1604: besides, when he did act at the Blackfriars, the Globe was shut; it was a summer theatre. That he had often visited the Blackfriars, is indeed highly probable. He has satirized the children who acted there, furiously, in his Hamlet; but there is no proof that he ever resided within the City, while he acted at the Globe. Mr. Malone had the means of proving that Shakspeare's house stood near to the adjacent Bear Garden, and that he always dwelt there when in London.

But I have something still to say as to this Boar's Head, and its *convenience* to Shakspeare. We do know that Shakspeare was member of a

club, but it was not held at the Boar's Head, nor was it in or near Eastcheap. This was the splendid association of wits and scholars and poets, founded by Sir Walter Raleigh, and held at the Mermaid in Friday-street. Now Friday-street was exactly opposite to Maiden-lane, in which stood the Globe Theatre, on the Southwark side of the river, and a sculler most probably would appear to Shakspeare infinitely more *convenient* than the crowded perambulation down the Bank-side to the eastward, the passage over the bridge, and an equally tiresome progress through the City westward to Friday-street.

Again, if our poet did ever delight himself and others at this Boar's Head, how did it happen, that no Fuller, no Beaumont ever commemorated the wit combats, if he met with any rival; or the abundant stream of humour, which could not but flow from one, who had Falstaff in his heart, and excellent sack before him; not only witty in himself, but the cause of wit in other men? Any hypothesis more destitute of probability cannot be found; we must there-

fore by no means allow it to usurp the influence of fact. If the Mermaid, the Apollo, and the Devil, have had their respective shares of literary celebration, we may rest assured, that the Boar's Head would have found the same kind of fame, had it ever received a similar honour.

The really decent probability is, that the daubing of the Gad's-hill robbery was coeval with the club, about the beginning of the eighteenth century. Some merry fellow, with his head full of Falstaff, thought that locality would improve the flavour of wine; and so assembled his friends and neighbours at a house, which he might himself christen the Boar's Head, after Shakspeare's play, and where money might be spent without alarm, that had never been destined to the King's Exchequer. In the mean time, the sport at Gad's-hill hung before them, and stimulated any son of mimicry to adopt the action and the voice of Falstaff. The drawer too, we may be sure, was without consent of sponsors, eternally called Francis— "Anon, anon, Sir!" was the formulary of his

reply; and after the capon and the sack, of the bill, a host, who knew his interest, would take especial care, that the charge for bread should be not unfrequently—one HALFPENNY.

I have thus, I trust, sufficiently shewn, that neither fact nor probability calls upon us to allow this picture to be a genuine portrait of Shakspeare: that Droeshout has been guilty of no "volunteer infidelities," since his engraving is confirmed in every reasonable degree by Marshall's. It is therefore obvious that, differing essentially from them both in every feature, it can never be the *original* from which either of them was engraved. The consequence must be, that it was a fabrication, which might be sportive in its conception, but would be delusive in its success. Happily, in nearly all cases of this nature, the ingenuity is never so complete as to baffle the inquiry of criticism; and the gentle progress of time conducts to the triumph of TRUTH.

HEAD, BY W. MARSHALL,

TO THE POEMS IN 1640.

THE writers of Catalogues are happy persons; they describe many portraits which cannot be found, and so circumstantially as to lead one to imagine, that once they must have existed. Among these *desiderata* is to be numbered one of Shakspeare, by that excellent engraver John Payne. Mr. Granger says of it, that the poet is 'represented with a laurel branch in his left hand.' But all my inquiries have never been able to procure a sight of this print; and perhaps it is confounded with that by W. Marshall, which certainly exhibits our poet with this sinistrous decoration.

Payne wanted only application to confirm both his fortune and his fame. He had a good deal of the firm and forcible manner of his mas-

ter, Simon Passe, and he executed some heads after Cornelius Jansen, in a style so beyond the common embellishments of his time, that it is greatly indeed to be regretted that his Shakspeare has disappeared, if he really engraved it. I confess I am half-tempted to think it will yet be found, for the reason which I now proceed to assign.

Whoever is acquainted with the loose and wiry manner of Marshall, witness his bust of Fletcher, and the wretched "bi-forked hill" on which he has grounded it*, cannot but feel that his head of Shakspeare in 1640, is in a manner *not his own;* and indeed a dark and strongly relieved print, instead of the dry, tasteless, colourless thing which he bestowed as a usual sign to Mr. Moseley's editions of the cotemporary poets. I therefore feel almost confident, that Marshall here copied the head by John Payne. Indeed, taking the half-length of Elizabeth by Crispin de Passe the father, after whom they all worked, as the model, the head

* See the folio, 1647.

by Marshall is exactly such a performance as you would expect from that school, where, as is certain, the pupils, though like, are yet inferior to the master. A good deal of their inferiority is produced by their designing their own heads, and conferring upon them crowns of bays, &c. as to which, the poets might properly enough exclaim with Cowley,

> Had I a wreath of *bays* about my brow,
> I should contemn that flourishing honor now,
> Condemn it to the *fire*, and joy to hear
> It rage and crackle there.

Nor does Marshall's head of Milton, prefixed to the poems in 1645, partake any more than that of Fletcher, of the better manner of the school of Passe. The poet's displeasure, shrouded in the Greek language, was engraven by Marshall himself under his print. This stratagem of the republican poet, might by Sir Hugh Evans have been pronounced 'fery honest knaveries.' But he speaks plainly enough in the *Defensio pro se* against Alexander More, who had censured the vanity of exhibiting his effigies

in the volume of his poems; and argues his indifference, rather than his attention, in allowing himself to be so engraved:—INFABRÈ SCALPENDUM PERMISI, is his expression*. His head of James Shirley, 1646, is, however, superior to the Milton. The features are better drawn, and there is more smartness and effect in the countenance altogether: the costume of the vest and cloak is as wretched as usual, when Marshall was left to himself. The hair is distributed exactly after the style of Milton's. The hand is tolerable, but not to be compared with that of the Shakspeare.

I therefore look upon Marshall's print of our poet with a respect derived to him from Payne,

* His expostulation with More is extremely pleasant. "*Narcissus* nunc sum; (says he) quia te depingente nolui Cyclops esse; quia tu effigiem mei dissimillimam, *præfixam poematibus* vidisti. Ego verò si impulsu et ambitione Librarii me imperito Scalptori, propterea quod in urbe alius eo belli tempore non erat, infabrè scalpendum permisi, id me neglexisse potiùs eam rem arguebat, cujus tu mihi nimium cultum objiciis."

BIRCH, PROSE WORKS, VOL. II. P. 367.

and shall state here, what I have to observe upon it, though incidentally it has been mentioned in discussing the Felton picture. It is certainly reduced from the larger performance of Droeshout, without the slightest reference to the Felton picture for the purpose of correction. Though much smaller, it has more force as well as neatness; but this is said merely as it is a book embellishment, for the characteristic expression is changed, though the features are preserved. Some liberty has been taken with the beard upon the upper lip; it is darker, and in a thicker mass than he saw it in Droeshout. It is on the whole better drawn, but the tenderness of the original expression is lost; yet even its antiquated taste in the dress, and the stiffness of the attitude, afford a pleasure to the collector—he loves to see the portraits of past times in the ruder sculpture then attained; and is by no means of opinion, that the grave humility which characterized the subjects of the Tudor Princes, is well exchanged for the catching bravery of the Cavalier of Charles's times. The confident deportment, or the puritanical

sanctity of the seventeenth century, were equally remote from the mild, but solid expression of our ancestors, during the reign of Elizabeth. It is this homogeneous working of the artist with the subject, that constitutes much of the charm about our ancient monuments. We should not endure to see their effigies displaced by the almost theatrical attitude and flutter of drapery, which have been the vice of a later age. Mr. Flaxman, with the truest feeling of the point to be obtained in such works, has purified the Design of our ancestors, and retained their Piety. Why should I not call him a *Greek* Christian?

Marshall has *drest* up some of the lines of Ben Jonson, and placed them under the portrait. I do not quote them here, because they will be found with the print which is given from the poems, 1640. Upon the whole, I consider the present likeness as approaching closer to the monument at Stratford, than Droeshout's print does. The practice of engravers in that age, is not well understood by us. To see their prints, it might be thought that the pictures were uni-

formly tasteless; but this by no means followed. The engravers did not seem to feel that the best painters imposed any strict fidelity upon them: they always considered that they could produce something, upon the whole, more decidedly like their subject, than any one painter had been happy enough to supply. Read, for instance, what was the operation as to Marshall's head of Fletcher. The poet was a man of family, and therefore sat, I have no doubt, to a good artist. Yet this is the bookseller Moseley's account of it:

"This figure of Mr. Fletcher was cut by *several originall pieces,* which his friends lent me, but withall they tell me, that his unimitable soule did shine through his countenance in such *ayre* and *spirit,* that the Painters confessed it was not easy to expresse him: as much as could be, you have here, and the *Graver* hath done his part."

Such is the stationer's address to the reader in the folio of 1647. No doubt Marshall went to work with his usual confidence—he had the *original pieces* before him, and compounded a

chef d'œuvre of common-place and bad taste, which Mr. Moseley sanctions with his perfect approbation. Marshall has crowned his poet so as to render the head ludicrous. The heavy and disproportioned bust is placed between two hillocks, with a back-ground of clouds; a frame, solid as the carvings of our ancient stair-cases, surrounds the portrait, and a scroll, which tells us that Fletcher was the son of the Bishop of London, is gently lifted up by two figures, anxious to be seen, called Tragedy and Comedy, studied from the antique, and yet infinitely more like Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, than the two Muses whom they are intended to represent.

All this 'vanity of art,' as Prospero terms it, being bestowed by Marshall, on a smaller scale upon Milton and Shirley and others, I again infer strongly, that nothing could have preserved Shakspeare himself from the Bedlam or Parnassus of Marshall's allegorical powers, but the circumstance of his being employed to copy the head of the poet by Payne. With many thanks to him, therefore, for his forbearance upon the present occasion, I am happy to put the public

in possession of an imitation, which is absolutely perfect, of Marshall's engraving, now one of the rarest prints in England.

This series of engravings, therefore, is to be held as containing, in this writer's opinion, every thing that on any authority can be called Shakspeare; and they each of them, *alone*, possess very strong evidence of authenticity. Droeshout's print is attested by Ben Jonson, and by his partners in the Theatre. The Stratford Monument was erected by his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, and executed probably by Thomas Stanton, who could not but know his person, and probably had some cast to work from. The Chandos picture is traced up to Taylor, the poet's Hamlet, and was no doubt painted by Burbage. The head by Cornelius Jansen, is marked by that painter decidedly Shakspeare, and every reasonable presumption assures us that it was painted for Lord Southampton. The head by Marshall seems to have been copied by him from a head

by Payne, who reduced that by Droeshout, with some variations in the dress and attitude.

What light these portraits throw upon each other, and thus verify the whole, I have brought most strikingly before the spectator, by shewing the heads as nearly as was practicable, in the same size, and in the same direction. I feel them to be executed in a manner which has not often been equalled, and will never, I believe, be surpassed. The expence has of course been great; but the Publisher would withhold nothing, where the perfect exhibition of Shakspeare was the object. I have thus contributed my effort, to make our great and amiable poet's person more accurately known among us. Every man whom his wit has exhilarated, his wisdom guided, his passion purified, may look with delight and thankfulness in the countenance of his master and his friend, and find the perfections of his nature residing there in mild and unforced, in clear and unquestionable intelligence.

MISCELLANEOUS HEADS.

—— Those dreams, that Fantasie
Takes from the polisht Ivory Port, delude
The Dreamer ever, and no truth include.
CHAPMAN'S HOMER, B. 19, ODYSSEY.

I WAS about to close my subject, I remember, with a very brief enumeration of the spurious, or rather falsely ascribed portraits, when the late Mr. Boswell brought a miniature to shew me, with which Sir James Bland Burges had entrusted him. It struck me to have been unquestionably painted by Hilliard, and to merit attentive examination. The account given of it by Sir James, is such as was to be expected from his candour and his taste. As no one can more truly appreciate such a possession, so no man could possibly say less to enforce its claim, and no other POET perhaps so little. I cannot

do better, than transcribe here the letter which Sir James wrote to Mr. Boswell, giving the history of the miniature which he had so fortunately recovered.

"*Lower Brook-street*, 26 *June*, 1818.

"DEAR BOSWELL,

"I send you the history of my portrait of Shakspeare, which I apprehend will leave no reason to doubt of its authenticity.

"Mr. Somerville of Edstone, near Stratford-upon-Avon, ancestor of Somerville, author of the Chace, &c. lived in habits of intimacy with Shakspeare, particularly after his retirement from the stage*, and had this portrait

* It has been a very common notion, that our poet passed some years in a state of retirement from all theatrical business, on his estate at Stratford; and this notion is embraced in Sir James's letter. But I confess there does not appear to me any decisive evidence for such a supposition. The period of positive retirement must have been extremely short, if he could enjoy, or indeed desired to enjoy any such total abstraction from his theatrical concerns. Let us remember that, so late as March 1612-13, with an obvious reference to his business in that quarter, a conveyance is executed to him of a house

painted, which, as you will perceive, was richly set, and was carefully preserved by his descendants, till it

in the Blackfriers: that not much, if at all prior to this transaction, from the pamphlets recently published, he constructed all the local and picturesque interest of the Tempest: that Twelfth Night has been, on the authority of Mr. Tyrwhitt, ascribed to a still later period, 1614; and that therefore the period of absolute retirement from such concerns, is narrowed to little more than two years. The conveyance by Walker of the house in Blackfriers, describing him to be of Stratford-upon-Avon, is no indication of retirement—his family constantly resided there, and he himself, occasionally, through life. The probability of his course is fairly enough given in the tradition that stated him *to have visited his native Stratford every year.* The Globe was a summer theatre; up to the year 1605, therefore, when the King's Servants took the private house in the Blackfriers, he probably retired at the close of the season, and at Stratford, in the bosom of his family, in the quiet of a beautiful country, endeared to him by the still vivid recollections of his youth, produced those plays, which indeed bear in them so much pure and rustic sweetness, as to prove the writer copied from actual impressions.

After the company had possession of the Blackfriers,

came to the hands of his great grandson, the poet, who, dying in 1742, without issue, left his estates to my

his time would be more engrossed by the concerns of two theatres, and his visits to Stratford consequently shorter. But I think no one point more characteristic of Shakspeare, than the rural tendency of his muse. He absolutely luxuriates in the Forest of Arden. No play ever offers the slightest opportunity, that he does not seize it with avidity, and either soothe or enchant us by the images of rustic life. I need not enumerate what every reader's memory will so readily supply. Beaumont and Fletcher have comparatively little of this. Ben Jonson too in his comedies is a town poet: he painted the characters which he saw around him, and is the most exact delineator of the manners of his age. Massinger has absolutely no rustic description, no country characters. It may be said, that his plots being for the most part foreign, the occasions did not occur. To this it may be truly replied, that he would have *made* the opportunity for a favourite delineation; and that every country, where his scene could be laid, presented the contrasts between refinement and artless nature to which I have alluded. It may be obvious, that here is no intended inculpation of those other great poets on account of this difference of taste. I mean no more than to mark this

grandfather, Lord Somerville, and gave this miniature to my mother. She valued it very highly, as well for the sake of the donor, as for that of the great genius of

decided tendency in Shakspeare, and to infer the habit of such residence from the constant prevalence of rural images, and the simple feelings and manners of country people. Nor should I be answered by any reference to the *Faithful Shepherdesse* of Fletcher, the most beautiful of pastorals. I may be allowed to say, that such a reference is not in point. I speak of the *actual* manners of the country—of *our* country. The comedy of Fletcher is Arcadian. We have the high priest of Pan, and the transforming virtues of wells and springs—the Satyrs, and the charms and spells of pagan times, or rather *no* times; prescriptive scenes, and prescriptive characters. The whole of our delight is in the poetical diction of the piece. The manners are only discriminate as to one passion—LOVE—and this is either chaste or libidinous: and the business of the drama is to purify the characters from all loose affections and uncivil conduct.

The reader will see why I have made no allusion to the Sad Shepherd of the great master Ben Jonson, nor to the lovely scenes of his masques, the pure wells of undefiled English pastoral. Jonson has the power, but he restrains it to a particular province of the drama.

which it was the representative; and I well remember that, when I was a boy, its production was not unfrequently a very acceptable reward of my good behaviour. After my mother's death, I sought in vain for this and some other family relics, and at length had abandoned all hope of ever finding them; when chance most unexpectedly restored them to me about ten days ago, in consequence of the opening of a bureau which had belonged to my mother, in a private drawer of which, this and the other missing things were found.

"Believe me to be,

"Dear Boswell,

"Yours most truly,

"J. B. Burges."

Nicholas Hilliard was born in 1547, and continued in the practice of his beautiful art among us till a very short period before his death, which happened in January 1619. If Mr. Somerville of Edstone had this portrait of the poet painted after his retirement from the stage, which seems rather to be the inference from Sir James's narrative, the old man painted Shakspeare just before he left town in the 50th year of his age, and when he himself was in his

66th. He retained the power of his eye and the steadiness of his hand to the last—a thing not uncommon in the professors of minute design. The great Bartolozzi's letters at 80, were miracles of firm, small, and beautiful penmanship.

Upon aiding my recollection of the picture by Mr. Agar's engraving from it, such actually seems to be the age of the person represented. Now out of this grows the only difficulty with me in regard to its being absolutely Shakspeare. There is *one* point in the portraits of our author, on which they are all decidedly agreed—viz. that he was *bald.* Mr. Ozias Humphry considered the Chandos head to have been painted when the poet was about 43 years old. Upon the forehead there is no indication of hair. Jansen's picture was painted three years after this; it has the same evidence that the hair in front had perished away. Droeshout's print displays to us the same deficiency; and the monument, exhibiting the latest condition of the poet's hair, shews that the baldness had rapidly increased upon him, and that the skull was very

nearly unclothed; a scanty measure of curls flowing circularly from a point not far above the ears.

Now this miniature has a strong tuft of hair growing in front of the forehead, as is indeed very usual with persons who yet are exceedingly bald toward the temples. I think it would be too much to expect from us the surrender of all the absolute authorities to the recently offered candidate. At the same time, unless I greatly mistake the poet's age in Sir James's picture, I cannot reconcile the appearance in question with the other acknowledged portraits: from the other pictures also, I conceive the poet's hair to have been darker than Hilliard has exhibited it. On this last point, from the tendency of all pictures in oil to become brown, no great stress ought to be laid. I regret that some of the finer touches of Hilliard's pencil should have flown; what remains, as to the drawing in of the features, the harmony of the whole, the shape of the head, and the characteristic look of the sitter, have nothing in them alien to the supposition that this may be Shakspeare. It

would be merely rude to ask for more particulars, as to this transmission of the picture, than Sir James has been pleased to give; but I hope I may without offence express some astonishment, that Somervile the poet, a man born almost upon the banks of the Avon, glorying in his countryman, and writing occasionally verses to poets on the subjects of poetry, should have in his possession an authentic portrait of Shakspeare, and never allow it to be engraved; and see Mr. Pope publishing to the world a head of King James, and calling it Shakspeare, and never shew to him the treasure on which he might so securely have relied. There was at this time, moreover, a stir, rather remarkable as to Shakspeare: Theobald had given his *Shakespeare restored*, to the infinite annoyance of Pope, and had followed his blow in 1733 by an edition of the poet's works. All this must have reached Mr. Somervile at Edstone, for he did not die till July 1742*; but he neither said nor wrote (that

* It is singular, that the time of Somervile's death should be so variously reported. Shenstone says he

I can find) any thing about his greatest treasure; though his friend Shenstone would have luxuriated in the topic, and might have given to the Leasowes, from such a picture, a bust that should surpass in accuracy, and therefore value, every other decoration of the place. From the mere country gentleman this neglect might be expected; from the justice of peace it might be endured; but in the author of the *Chase* it is inconceivable and unaccountable. Surely *Rural Sports* were never before so engrossing, nor did the *Chase* ever until then, lead a poet so far from his natural pursuits.

The possessor of this splendid miniature is thus described and lamented by his friend Shenstone:

"Our old friend Somervile is dead! I did not imagine

died in 1741; Dr. Johnson, on the 14th July, 1743; Sir J. B. Burges, most likely to be accurately informed, tells us, that event happened in 1742. The fact appears to be, that he died on the 19th July, 1742, for the will was proved on the 3rd September of that year.

I could have been so sorry as I find myself on this occasion—'*Sublatum quærimus.*' I can now excuse all his foibles; impute them to age, and to distress of circumstances: the last of these considerations wrings my very soul to think on. For a man of high spirit, conscious of having (at least, in one production) generally pleased the world, to be plagued and threatened by wretches that are low in every sense; to be forced to drink himself into pains of the body, in order to get rid of the pains of the mind—is a misery which I can well conceive, because I may, without vanity, esteem myself his equal in point of oeconomy, and consequently *ought* to have an eye on his misfortunes; for whatever the *world* might esteem in poor Somervile, I really find, upon critical enquiry, that *I* loved him for nothing so much as his flocci-nauci-nihili-pili-fication of money."—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 48.

All this is, however, at a considerable distance from the worthy baronet. For *himself*, I can recall him easily in his infancy, deriving an enviable gratification from this presented portrait. So genuine a relic could not be kissed without Catholic devotion. Dr. Johnson has told us, that Cowley became irrecoverably a poet, from the delight he took in the perusal of Spenser's Faery Queen; and Sir James may

have also been devoted to poetry from his infant acquaintance with Shakspeare. The great Critic adds—"Such are the accidents, which, sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind, and propensity for some certain science or employment, which is commonly called Genius."—*Life of Cowley*, p. 4.

Among the heads, which their possessors have determined to be Shakspeares, are some painted as low down as the reign of Charles the Second. They are to be noticed, from at least the chance that the artists used some true picture in their works of fancy; or that they had the aid of Nature (as in the anecdote of Sir Thomas Clarges) in the face of some individual who might be known personally to resemble the poet.

The first and best of this class, is the picture painted by Zoust, or, as he himself wrote it, Soest. It is well known to collectors by the mezzotinto of Simon, and is a most accomplished

cavalier exhibition of the great bard. Soest, in 1667, writes himself in his 30th year; so that he was born *only* one and twenty years after the poet had sunk into the grave. When a dealer is determined upon a speculation, it is useless to call his attention to dates—his answer is ready; and I could wish, for the credit of an able man, that it was not to be found in the very words of Peck the antiquary, when he received a portrait, which he absolutely knew not to be MILTON—"I'll have a scraping from it at all events, and leave posterity to settle the difference." As in these cases artists seem to "conceive, better than they combine," this head is reported to have given the style of countenance and drapery to the statue of Shakspeare in Poet's Corner. Thus, as Don Quixote says, "the Courtiers bore away the honour of the Tournament," and stampt their gallant impress every where as the genuine Shakspeare.

The return of Charles the Second, secured to the Royalists the enjoyment of what I must call their liberal and grateful propensities. It could be no longer the object of either sneer or censure

to have Shakspeare for a closet companion. Our great bard may be sincerely classed among the zealous Royalists. There are no passages in his works, which can become texts to the savage bawlers of sedition. Political principle, as well as literary taste, would urge a person of condition to seek the decoration and the charm of his resemblance.

The late monarch, Charles the First, was a man of the most refined taste: his pictures supplied the cabinets of Europe with some of the choicest specimens of art. A little before his wretched end, he presented to the gentleman of his bed-chamber, his folio of Shakspeare's works, the edition of 1632. It contained evidences of the pleasure he had taken in its perusal. To a Royalist, therefore, Shakspeare, in aid of his genius, had the efficacy that "dying martyrs" can impart; and it became a duty, as well as a delight, to reprint his works*, to revive his plays†, and bestow upon them all the embel-

* Printed in 1664.

† See Davenant's alterations.

lishments that had been learned in a too long residence in other countries. From such a feeling, the picture of the poet by Soest clearly originated. Simon's engraving from it was made about the year 1725.

The statement as to Sir Thomas Clarges, in the Gentleman's Magazine, I have before alluded to, (supra, p. 53). I have no doubt that the anecdote was grounded in fact; and think I see some strong likelihood that the picture by Soest was the very portrait painted for the brother-in-law of Monk. It has just enough of Shakspeare about it, to countenance such a story as is there told. The only mistake was in the painter's name. Jansen it could *not* be; he left us on the commencement of the Civil War. Soest, in the year 1667, was an admirable artist, and there is little doubt was the person who executed for him this elegant, though not quite faithful portrait. On the authority of Richardson, Sir Thomas is said also to have been principally instrumental in obtaining the indemnity of Milton from the new government. It is delightful to commemorate such attentions to the

two greatest poets of our own or any other country. If, therefore, I have restored a consistency and probability to the anecdote rejected by Mr. Malone, it will afford one more reason for not too hastily deciding against the whole of a tradition, from one false or discrepant circumstance which it may contain: the error may be corrected by some happy combination, and the statement so reformed, may add sometimes very important truth to the history of past times.

Mr. Malone, in the year 1790, thus alludes to the picture by Soest:

"About the year 1725, a mezzotinto of Shakspeare was scraped by Simon, said to be done from an original picture painted by Zoust or Soest, then in the possession of T. Wright, painter, in Covent-garden. The earliest known picture painted by Zoust in England, was done in 1657; so that, if he ever painted a picture of Shakspeare, it must have been a copy. It could not however have been made from Davenant's picture, (unless the painter took very great liberties), for the whole air, dress, disposition of the hair, &c. are different. I have lately seen a picture in the possession of — Douglas, Esq. at Teddington, near Twickenham, which is, I believe, the very picture from which Simon's mezzotinto was made. It is

on canvass, (about 24 inches by 20), and somewhat smaller than the life."—*Shakspeare,* vol. i. p. 127.

Not very long since, the proprietor felt inclined to sell this picture, if he could obtain 100 guineas for it; and Mr. Sotheby, I remember, put it into one of his catalogues. He differed with Mr. Malone as to its size, calling it a canvass, 20 inches by 16. He adds, "This fine and extremely interesting portrait has been in the possession of the family of the present proprietor for *upwards of a century.*" Now Simon's print expresses, that it is done from a capital picture in the collection of T. Wright, painter, in Covent-garden. But not to bind the auctioneer to reconcile dates, I differ entirely with Mr. Malone on this subject, and consider Simon's print to have been taken from another, and very different original.

Mr. Douglas's picture was for a considerable time in Mr. Triphook's possession, where I frequently inspected it; and assuredly its merits must be appreciated without reference to Simon's engraving. The picture was very pleasing and

delicately painted; but it had none of the freedom and spirit to be found in the print, which indicates an original not at all inferior to one of the finest heads of Vandyke: and indeed, from that great master, Soest has evidently borrowed the air of the head, and the beautiful disposition of the hair. The real original of Simon's print is probably at the country residence of one of our nobility, and may there be esteemed a genuine picture of the poet. The anecdote which I have combined with it, on what I conceive to be reasonable ground, communicates a value to Soest's picture, which before was in great doubt; I mean that, though it never could be painted *from* Shakspeare, it was certainly painted *as* him, and unites a most decided resemblance of the man, with a very graceful and masterly power of the pencil.

If I could bring myself to infringe upon the principle laid down, to engrave only such as were considered *authentic* portraits, this head should accompany the series; because, from whomsoever got, in the general character it has much of Shakspeare; and no difficulty whatever

is felt by me in asserting, that the sitter must have borne a very peculiar and enviable resemblance to the great dramatic poet of England.

The zeal of Sir Thomas Clarges, and the pencil of Soest, having thus supplied us with a *cavalier* representation of Shakspeare, the beginning of the present century called us to an inspection of what may be called, with equal justice, a *puritan* exhibition of the poet—

——" Like a mildew'd ear,
" Blasting his wholesome brother."

In Middle Scotland-yard there resided, a few years back, a bookseller, named Machel Stace. Whether his residence was matter of convenience or taste, I know not; but he was a good deal frequented for the literature of the *good old times*, and supplied many of the discontented spirits of our own with the republican doctrines and fanatical religion of the rebellion. His visitors might kindle their enthusiasm by a hasty glance at the scene of the great "crowning mercy" adjoining, where the last sacrifice,

the head of that gentlemanly monarch, Charles the First, was offered up to the grim idol, a COMMONWEALTH.

" And that two-handed engine at the door,
" Stood ready to smite once, and smite no more."

In addition to his books, Stace occasionally solicited attention to some fine portraits of the period to which I have so particularly alluded. One of them was a likeness of the Protector, by Walker, and eminently characteristic of that successful usurper. The tendency of the saints to this quarter of the town, at length sent in a picture, which suggested to our bookseller a rather *prophane* attribution; and the unknown saint was converted into the player Shakspeare.

The artist, whoever he was, has in some degree imitated the costume and attitude of Soest's picture; and perhaps the counterfeit, badly drawn as it is, might be taken for the original from which Simon engraved, by one knowing no more of art than Stace did. But in truth, the great artist had nothing whatever to do with it. The head is thrown back, and the

shoulders are ungracefully round. The eyes are considerably too large. The hair, instead of the beautiful and picturesque disposition which Soest studied in the works of Rubens and Vandyke, is heavily cumbered into a dark mass; and the beard is treated in the same tasteless and fanatical style. The doublet, with its countless row of buttons, is the only point of resemblance in the two pictures. But in the faces of these, I had almost said *political* rivals, may be accurately traced the opposite characteristics of the poet and the puritan.

Stace had it engraved in 1811 by Robert Cooper, in a very coarse manner, and had the audacity to write under it the name of Shakspeare. But I leave it in this state of utter rejection, to find some other name, which it may not totally disgrace. Hitherto, the fancied portraits of the great poet have been found to follow an acknowledged resemblance of him; indeed it was a look more or less of the archetype, that led to the supposition so flattering to the proprietors. But a period was shortly to arrive, when the avarice of the dealer, seconded

by the pencil of the artist, was to deride all such comparison, and unblushingly affirm, heads as dull as utter absence of thought could make them, to be unquestionable originals of fancy's favourite child. I am told, that the great fabricator of these impositions is the grandson of an artist of indisputable excellence. I learn too, that misfortune suggested this sad remedy for indigence. For his necessities, if they are not the result of vice, he may be the object of our sympathy; but the application that executes a fraud, might produce a genuine work, and it is no light or laughing matter to practise even ingenious deception. Some pictures of this class, it has been my good or bad fortune to examine: they have taught me a guarded distrust of all portraits without pedigree. It is indeed so unlikely that the modest Shakspeare should have sat often for his picture, that though, as in the case of his friend Ben Jonson, there were to reach us many pictures of him, we yet should find them duplicates of one or two originals, and copies made several years after the poet's death. I should certainly myself disdain to be very

minute in recording the tricks of impostors; but I have been supplied unexpectedly with a copious detail on this subject, and will therefore devote a few pages to the ludicrous and impudent forgeries, which have been purchased at great prices, and probably, false as they are, excite or keep up the enthusiasm for Shakspeare.

One of the most fortunate, among the *accidental* Shakspeares, was the head bought by Mr. Dunford, a printseller in Great Newport-street, about the end of the year 1814. A writer in a Sunday newspaper had styled this a portrait by Zucchero: it was however most clearly pointed out, that the poet never could have sat to that artist at all, as the reader will have already seen in my examination of Mr. Cosway's picture, which was decidedly a head by Zucchero, to whose manner, Mr. Dunford's picture bears not the slightest resemblance. Mr. Dunford, in a very modest letter to the editor of the Champion, admitted the erroneous

ascription of his picture to Zucchero, which, it appeared, was the opinion of a friend, and never had been his own. This letter was dated the 3d of January, 1815.

I saw the portrait myself at Mr. Dunford's, and from time to time heard various conjectures, and once a tradition, which was said to have travelled up from Oxford, that in some College or other of that "Mother of famous Wits," it had been a fact well known, that Mark Garrard had at some time or other painted Shakspeare. Now this was decidedly a better guess than the other, and only assumed that, as he *might* have painted the poet, he absolutely did paint him; and then that there was every probability this was the very head, about which the story from Oxford so opportunely arrived.

Garrard's processions of the great Queen are well known to collectors; and Vertue has expatiated upon the uncommon fidelity of even his small portraits, in these ingenious records of the character of past times. A head, therefore, life-size, by so faithful an artist, would indeed present our dramatic "father, in his habit as he

liv'd," and the highest satisfaction be derived to us from a source so little questionable. But, in the first place, the Oxford tradition somehow mouldered away; nobody could demonstrate that Garrard was even the painter of the picture; and the head was decidedly unlike the general expression of Shakspeare; and at an age when he had certainly a bald front, exhibited him with a luxuriant crop of black hair, as low as it ever comes upon elevated foreheads.

Mr. Dunford assured the public, in his letter, that *he* saw in this portrait a likeness to Droeshout's print. I have compared them carefully, and am afraid the resemblance is of the kind discovered by Fluellen between Macedon and Monmouth. When the imagination embraces a favourite object, it endows it easily with all the merits it desires to find. Although nothing can be more obvious than the *maturity* of this portrait, it was deemed young by its admirers, that the *hair* might seem reasonable: though the expression was gloomy even to sternness, it was thought perfectly to exhibit the brightest of

the sons of men; and it has I think been bought at a price which far exceeded the sum paid for the folio collection of his immortal productions, when put in the happiest condition by the zeal of Mr. Kemble.

It was twice engraved, once the size of life, in 1815, by Turner, in mezzotinto; and really that most able artist sunk under so portentous a task: and a second time, the year following, in the line manner, by Sharp, who on a smaller scale has preserved the repulsive character of the original, in a style whose neatness will always command the attention of the connoisseur. But in a word, the head is neither Shakspeare, nor any other *poet;* it is that of a grave calculating man of the world, shrewd in the perception of his interest, and little subject to the soft or the liberal affections; the expression of the mouth in particular, is decisive as to the temper of the man. If such a person in an evil hour became a sovereign, his attendants must immediately assume the characteristic of their master, and the court of King Cymbeline would be renewed in all its unhappiness.

You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers;
Still seem as does the king's.

A few years have elapsed, since Mr. Brockedon, a respectable artist, shewed me in his painting-room a rather elaborate performance, in which our poet was delineated upon a *losenge*, which was borne aloft by an eagle. This, as a work of fancy, I can have no objection to. The apotheosis of a poet, or a saint, for the nonce, converted into one, may be received on its own merits, and find a welcome as a designed tribute of affection or reverence for Shakspeare; but nobody surely can be so ignorant of his character, as to suppose he would himself concur in so vain a mode of delivering his likeness to posterity. After all, our poet in the claws of this allegorical eagle, too ludicrously reminded the spectator of Gulliver in his cabinet, when the same bird, enlarged to the scale of Brobdingnag, bore him in triumph away from the

tender care of Glumdalclitch. To this high flight of the great fabricator, to whom I have formerly alluded, were appended verses such as the occasion demanded, but which trusted entirely to their *orthography* for success, the writer of them having no knowledge whatever of our ancient diction.

Among the pitiable absurdities which have dishonoured the cause of Shakspeare, the most ridiculous is clearly his exhibition upon the oaken or mahogany lid of a pair of bellows. I presume to call this the "brightest invention" as to him who possessed a MUSE of FIRE. "To what base uses may we return." However, some little apology is included in the anecdote which attended the picture, namely, that this utensil had decorated the chamber of Queen Elizabeth, and, under a hasty impatience for warmth, the effigy of the poet might have sometimes been pressed by her royal hands.

This speculation is said to have been once detected by a picture cleaner of Paris, who removed the high forehead and mustaches, which denoted the poet, and discovered the more appropriate *mobled* head of an old lady. However, the fair decoration of the bellows soon became, as before, a *femme couverte;* and the restored head of Shakspeare is now in the possession of Mr. Talma, who has bestowed a splendid case upon this unique picture of the Bard, which after all may have a stronger resemblance to Shakspeare, than the Hamlet, the Macbeth, and the Lear of Ducis, bear to the original plays so denominated. I cannot stoop to the insertion of the legends and epistles with which these spurious mummeries are usually attended: they are impudently signed Ben Jonson, or Poins, or Pystolle; for the knowledge of these fabricators is very slender indeed as to the cotemporaries who might have been expected to honour him.

But it may not be improper here to remind the dealers in such things, that there is very slender proof of any distinguished attention

shewn by the great Queen to her dramatic poet. The whole of it is reduced to a tradition, that she was greatly delighted with the character of Falstaff in the two parts of Henry the Fourth, and commanded the poet to exhibit the Fat Knight in *love*, which produced the comedy of the Merry Wives of Windsor: but this event occurred late indeed in the life of the Queen: a time of disaffection and treachery, of loneliness and sorrow, had arrived, and she had neither health nor spirits to devote to even refined amusements.

The MIGHTY SPIRIT of the NORTH, whom I mention to honour, must be read with some caution by the rising generation. In his perhaps greatest work, *Kenilworth*, he has committed grievous anachronisms, which must have proceeded solely from his wish to make the *present* court of the Queen rich in all the talents of her reign. She is made to address Lord Southampton as the *patron* of Shakspeare, when that nobleman was a child in arms, and the poet himself acquiring his "small Latin and less Greek" in the grammar-school of Stratford.

She alludes to his *Tempest*, which was not produced till ten years after her decease, and recites at length from some of his latest productions, which were reserved for the subjects of her successor. Perhaps I may wish, that on such an occasion the liberty had not been taken. Romance may fitly supply the private or domestic incidents to which History cannot stoop; but the less invasion she makes upon established chronology the better, because no grounds being afforded for detection, her whole creation then passes upon the fancy, uncorrected by the memory. "*Rien n'est beau que le vrai.*"

After the frankness of the preceding remark, I hope I may be allowed to add my feeble tribute of admiration to a genius not equalled since the days of Shakspeare. In the novel to which I have referred, the character of Elizabeth is exhibited in so bold and masterly a manner, that even the Queen Katherine of Shakspeare is not superior, at her trial, to the daughter of her rival, when overwhelming the perfidy of Leicester by her "lion port" and indignant reproaches. I rejoice certainly that so

great and fertile a source of instruction and delight is reserved for my own times: but I can yet regret, that such a novelist did not exist in the days of Shakspeare; who, from tales which he could so easily have converted to the purposes of the stage, might have added even new features to his own vast range of dramatic excellence.

THE POETIC CHARACTER

OF

SHAKSPEARE.

Having thus laid before my readers the evidence for the authenticity of certain portraits of our great Bard, and by the most perfect engravings made them acquainted with his person, it seems to be only completing the picture, to add the truest portrait that exists of his power as a poet. The verses which follow, have been hitherto but slightly noticed by the critics upon Shakspeare, with the exception of Dr. Drake, who quotes from them incidentally, when describing the peculiar influence of his mind upon our national drama.

They first appeared in the folio 1632, and are subscribed "The friendly admirer of his Endowments," I. M. S. It should seem that they were not composed when the collection of Shakspeare's plays first appeared in 1623, and they

may have been written in noble competition with the splendid tribute of Ben Jonson in that volume. The line taken by the latter poet is essentially different from that of the former. Jonson's is a rich and affectionate tribute of praise. The "friendly admirer" gives a graphic delineation of his genius, so copious that nothing can be added, so exact that nothing can be questioned, diminished, or extended. This too in a vein of poetry often sublime, always fanciful and figurative—elegant in the composition of its terms, and flowing majestically through verses refined in their cadence, and variable in their pauses :

> Untwisting all the chains that tye
> The hidden soul of harmony.

Whether the original printer of them knew the author, it were now useless to inquire : the editor of the succeeding folio in 1664, exhibits the signature J. M. S. as I think, without meaning any correction by the letter substituted, but as supposing them equivalent, and to be indifferently put for each other. A lapse of

two and thirty years was not likely to afford any information on the subject;—the author and he were most probably of different ages. But this substitution of J. in the signature for I. contributed perhaps to the gross error committed by Mr. Malone, and sanctioned by Mr. Steevens. Mr. Malone says, probably Jasper Mayne, Student. Now Jasper Mayne most certainly had been a *student*, but at the publication of the folio had his Master's Degree. Mayne, besides, was the author of many commendatory poems, but did not shroud himself under initials. I think no instance can be found, after a signature, of an S. in the *same* character, standing for student or any other designation:—the word would be abbreviated, or printed out in a smaller type, usually *Italic*. But it were idle to press longer upon this most idle attribution of the verses: Jasper Mayne was utterly unequal to their composition. The reader may satisfy himself on this fact, by perusing his eulogies on Fletcher, on Jonson, and on Donne, persons for whom he entertained an

ardent admiration, and in whose praise he exhausted his very common store of poetical panegyric: his commendation is vulgar, and his favourite illustration is the varied beverage of conviviality. He becomes maudlin between wine and beer, and flows in such a stream as the following. As well might the vigorous frame of Falconbridge have been expected from old Sir Robert, as this grand production from Mayne. Thus he salutes Dr. Donne:

> Here light your Muse, you that doe only thinke
> And write, and are just Poets, as you drinke;
> In whose weake fancies wit doth ebbe and flow,
> Just as your reckonings rise, that we may know
> In your whole carriage of your worke, that here
> This flash you wrote in wine, and this in beere;
> This is to tapp your Muse, which running long,
> Writes flat, and takes our eare not half so strong;
> Poore suburb wits, who, if you want your cup,
> Or if a Lord recover, are blowne up.
>
> DONNE'S POEMS, ED. 1650.

Mayne too was a boy when Shakspeare died; and I cannot but think that the terms, "friendly

admirer of his endowments," imply a *personal* acquaintance with the poet.

There are not wanting some coincidences of thought and style, which render it within possibility that MARSTON might have written the poem in question. Marston too was, strictly speaking, the cotemporary of Shakspeare, and no doubt was a "friendly admirer" of that master spirit of his age. I am thoroughly aware of the tumid character of his Muse, and entirely agree with Mr. Gifford, in his admirable note on the poetical character of Marston in the Poetaster (see his edition of Ben Jonson's Works). But that exact critic candidly admits, that some of his writings are free from the bloated extravagance stigmatized by Jonson; and if the pill administered by Horace had taken full effect, it might have lowered him to the rational temperature of the present poem. But he has deprived me of the pleasure of ascribing it to him, by the verses following, which were his *real* tribute to Shakspeare:

TO THE MEMORY OF M. W. SHAKSPEARE.

We wondred (Shakespeare) that thou went'st so soone
From the world's stage to the grave's tyring-roome.
We thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tells thy spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An actor's art,
Can dye, and live, to act a second part.
That's but an exit of mortality;
This a re-entrance to a plaudite.

I. M.

Perhaps no doubt will exist that Marston wrote this poor stuff, when the following tribute to Dr. Donne is attentively considered:

HEXASTICHON BIBLIOPOLÆ.

I see in his last preach't and printed booke,
His picture in a sheet; in Paul's I looke,
And see his statue in a sheet of stone,
And sure his body in the grave hath one:
Those sheets present him dead, these if you buy,
You have him living to eternity.

Jo. Mar.

His taste led him to the conceited in composition, and miserable conceit is all he has bestowed upon these two great men.

Mr. Godwin, in his Lives of Milton's Nephews, just slightly throws out a query, after highly praising the verses—"Is it possible that I. M. S. should be John Milton, *Senior?*" The son had sent "an Epitaph on the admirable Dramaticke Poet, W. Shakespeare, written in 1630."—Did the father shew himself the superior poet, by transmitting verses at the same time, in a style "more worthy of his merits, and with more fervent enthusiasm than any succeeding panegyrist of Shakspeare has ever reached?"

I lately conversed with Mr. Godwin upon the subject, and he observed to me, that he had thrown out his query without much revolving it in his mind, and certainly without any reliance upon it: but one conclusion he readily came to, that they were verses, which could only proceed from one long practised in poetical composition:—no occasional writer ever breathed such strains. I happened to recollect that Milton, the son, had discriminated as to the powers bestowed upon his father and himself; and pointed out to my old friend the following passage in the Latin verses AD PATREM.

Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii merito sis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam
Contigerit, charo si tam prope sanguine juncti,
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;
Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque, tenemus.

Cowper has given the sense of Milton's lines, but the music of his own is not extraordinary.

Nor thou persist, I pray thee, still to slight
The sacred Nine, and to imagine vain
And useless pow'rs, by whom inspir'd, thyself
Art skilful to associate verse with airs
Harmonious, and to give the human voice
A thousand modulations, heir by right
Indisputable of Arion's fame.
Now say, what wonder is it, if a son
Of thine delight in verse, if so conjoin'd
In close affinity, we sympathize,
In social arts, and kindred studies sweet?
Such distribution of himself to us
Was Phœbus' choice; thou hast thy gift, and I

Mine also, and between us we receive,
Father and Son, the whole inspiring God.

This quotation seemed to dispose decisively of the pleasing hint Mr. Godwin had thrown out for consideration. Beside that, I think the mode of the subscription as unlike *Senior* in its third letter as *Student*. That S, should be the sirname, implies two christian names; and this itself supposes an unknown poet, equal to the greatest efforts, with a peculiarity so rare in that age as two baptismal names. I just recollect one exalted individual in that period, so distinguished — the Lady Venetia Anastasia Digby, Sir Kenelm's wife. The instances are very few indeed: they were noted down in the controversy as to one William Henry Ireland, who was stated to have saved the Swan of Avon from a watery death in the river Thames. (See Mr. Malone's Vindication, and Mr. Chalmers's Apology).

Thus, therefore, we have arrived to something like certainty, that I. M. S. is not to be taken for either Jasper Mayne, Student, or John Marston, either Student or Satirist; the word Student

would have been printed at length, or at least the letters *Stud.*:—

But Mayne either wrote his name fairly out on these occasions, or his contribution, as in the case of Dr. Donne, is stated to be that of Mr. Mayne, of Christ-church, Oxford. Having thus disposed of the three most likely attributions, I shall keep the reader no longer from the verses themselves, to which I have added a few illustrations, because I look upon the poem to be yet really unconsidered, and in a strain sometimes peculiar, and for the most part unfamiliar, though in a few instances it might be supposed to have suggested some of the most sounding lines of modern panegyric.

ON

WORTHY MASTER SHAKESPEARE, AND HIS POEMS.

A MIND reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal surface can make things appear,
Distant a thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent:
To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,
Rowl back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and *Lethe*, where confused lye
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:

(1) *A mind* reflecting *ages past*—Or in Shakspeare's own language,

"A glass that featur'd them."

(5) Upon the expression, "*outrun hasty time*," Mr. Steevens reminds us of the line of Dr. Johnson:

"And panting Time toil'd after him in vain."

But in Bonduca, Fletcher has given us a closer parallel:

"I have seen these Britons, whom you magnify,
"Run, as they would have outrun Time."

(8) *Great heaps of ruinous mortality*—In the Iliad of Homer, by Chapman, we find,

"Where ruinous death made prize of every limb."

In that deep dusky dungeon, to discern
A royal ghost from churls; by art to learn
The physiognomy of shades, and give
Them sudden birth, wond'ring how oft they live;
What story coldly tells, what poets feign
At second hand, and picture without brain,
Senseless and soul-less shews: To give a stage,—
Ample, and true with life,—voice, action, age,
As *Plato's* year, and new scene of the world,
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:

(10) *A royal ghost from churls*—To catch the spirit of departed being so perfectly, as to inform the dead with their old feelings and language, and discriminate all conditions with the exactness of physiognomy: to make even kings his *subjects* in his historical dramas, and raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearse, to act *eternally* the concluded dream of their ambition. "The grand and louder tone of Clio" seems to have peculiar charms for this poet—he obviously prefers the historical plays of our author; and if he leaves us to regret any thing in his composition, it is, that he has not more fully expatiated upon the wonders of Shakspeare's *comedy*.

(17) *As Plato's year*—An allusion to that completed revolution, when not only the heavenly bodies would be returned to their primary positions, but similar beings be again produced by identical configurations of the planets. The author might glance at the following passage of Lord Bacon:

"The vicissitude or mutations in the *superior globe* are no fit matter for this present argument. It may be, *Plato's great year*, if the world should last so long, would have some effect, not in the renewing the

To raise our ancient sovereigns from their herse,
Make kings his subjects; by exchanging verse
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joys in their joy and trembles at their rage:
Yet so to temper passion, that our ears
Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears

state of like individuals, (for that is the fume of those, that conceive the celestial bodies have more accurate influences upon these things below, than indeed they have); but—in gross."—LORD BACON'S ESSAYS, p. 332, ed. 1639.

(21) Enlive *their pale trunks*—For enliven. The verb is not very commonly so exhibited, but I find it in that accurate poet Ben Jonson. See his Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet.

> "What she did here, by great example, well,
> "T'inlive posterity, her fame may tell."
>
> WORKS, vol. ix. p. 55.

(22) *Joys in their joy*—Comes upon the modern ear, as though remembered in Dryden, or Dr. Johnson's famous prologue for Garrick's theatre.

(23) *Yet so to temper passion.*—That amiable man, Shirley, when writing in 1647, his address to the reader for the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, has something in prose extremely like this passage. "Thou shalt meet, almost in every leaf, a soft purling passion, or spring of sorrow, so powerfully wrought high by the tears of innocence and wronged lovers, it shall persuade thy *eyes to weep* into the stream, and *yet smile* when they contribute to their own ruins."

Both weep and smile; fearful at plots so sad,
Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd; affected with that truth
Which we perceive is false, pleas'd in that ruth
At which we start, and, by elaborate play,
Tortur'd and tickl'd; by a crab-like way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorging up his ravin for our sport:——
——While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by secret engines; now to move
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love;
To strike up and stroak down, both joy and ire;
To steer the affections; and by heavenly fire
Mold us anew, stoln from ourselves:——

There are in the same address a few more expressions, which seem to echo other passages in this most eloquent poem, *e. g.* "Finding yourself at last grown insensibly the very same person you read," is in fact, "mold us anew, stol'n from ourselves." So, "Fall on a *scene of love*, peruse a scene of manly rage, and you would swear they cannot be *exprest* by the same hands, but both are so excellently wrought, you must confess none *but* the same hands could work them," has its clear prototype also, and appears in the poem from verse 35 to verse 41 inclusive.

(39) *Mold us anew.*—Such is the punctuation in the folio 1632. "Stol'n from ourselves" begins a new sentence; and a break after the word *ourselves*, indicates that the line, and more than the line, was

This,—and much more, which cannot be exprest
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,—
Was *Shakespeare's* freehold; which his cunning brain
Improv'd, by favour of the nine-fold train;—
The buskin'd muse, the comick queen, the grand
And louder tone of *Clio*, nimble hand

left imperfect. But with the subaudition *we being*, (so naturally inserted), "stol'n from ourselves" conducts the poet's task with dignity and solemnity to its close. And this is the true reason why neither the couplet nor the line were finished: it certainly deceived the printer.

(44) *The buskin'd muse*—Perhaps, as Don Quixote has it, since the Muses were Muses, and Apollo Apollo, the tuneful Nine were never so briefly and beautifully enumerated. I shall just name them in the order I think assigned to them by the poet. Melpomene, Thalia, Clio, Erato and Terpsichore, Euterpe, Calliope, Polyhymnia, Urania.

After the word Calliope, "whose speaking silence daunts," might, as it stood in the original, be thought to refer to that Muse, as the antecedent to the relative *whose;* I have therefore, for clearness, continued the insertion of Mr. Capell's harmless pronoun, SHE; because it makes it more obvious that another Muse was intended. The poet, having by punctuation separated Calliope from what followed, reflected the pronoun of the last line upon the *former*, and avoided a repetition too close perhaps to satisfy his ear.

(The Muse) "whose speaking silence daunts,
"And *she* whose praise the heavenly body chaunts."

Speaking silence—

"*Silence* that *spoke*, and eloquence of eyes."
POPE'S HOMER. STEEVENS.

And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
The silver-voic'd lady, the most fair
Calliope, she whose speaking silence daunts,
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants.
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another;
Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother;—
And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright:
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring;
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silk there run
Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun;

(52) *And wrought a curious robe*—Fancifully shadowing the various conditions of life, from the splendid *purple* of majesty, and the martial *red*, to the guiltless *white* of maiden innocence, and the lowly *russet* of the contented villager.

(59) *Italian* works—He whose judgment dictated so perfect an estimate of the powers of Shakspeare, could not but mark particularly, in this rich embroidery, the various subjects drawn from Italian sources. The couplet which follows, one might suppose taken from the "Bower of Bliss," or "the Gardens of Armida," or from the very Muse of Paradise to have announced the epic grandeur and sweetness of Milton:

> "And there did sing, or *seem* to sing, the choice
> "Birds of a foreign note and various voice."

And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice:
Here hangs a mossy rock; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain, purled: not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn;
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the Muses know,
And only know the countries where they grow.
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortal garments pent,—Death may destroy,
They say, his body; but his verse shall live,
And more than nature takes our hands shall give:
In a less volume, but more strongly bound,
Shakespeare shall breath and speak; with laurel crown'd,

(63) Fountain, *purled*—That is, as I conceive, *pourfilé*, purfled, purled, *edged*, or *bordered*. We are not, I imagine, to suppose it allied to our modern term purling, *leniter fluere*, *murmurare;* because the verb *plays* is governed by this fair but chiding fountain. Purled cannot be the *past* tense of the verb, in construction with the present tense *plays;*—it must therefore be the past participle; and the poet intended to say, that the fountain, and its edge or border, were embroidered alike in the fine materials known only to the Muses.

In Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, we have the following passage: "A foot-cloth, and traps of crimson velvet upon velvet, *purled* with gold."

(66) *But fine materials*—Perhaps the whole compass of English poetry does not contain a more harmonious couplet than the present. The ear is quite delighted with the full effect of the almost *triple* rhyme, which lingers out its sweetness so unexpectedly.

Which never fades; fed with ambrosian meat;
In a well-lined vesture, rich and neat:—
So with this robe they cloath him, bid him wear it;
For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it. 77

The friendly Admirer of his Endowments,

I. M. S.

(74) *Ambrosi*an *meat*—Such is this writer's adjective; not ambrosi*al*, nor ambrosiac. I may observe, in passing, that we find a great writer of that time, George Chapman, using the same word in his Homer—"ambrosian night." Folio 1616, p. 169. I just recollect that the expression, "*and his own breast*," in verse 41, for poetic power, is also illustrated by that poet—

——"and thereat heare the *breast*
"Of the divine muse."
Page 127.

Having in the preliminary remarks upon this poem, refused the honour of its composition to either Mayne, or Marston, or the father of Milton, the letters with which it is subscribed do not indicate any other poet of sufficient eminence. It by no means escaped me, that Sir John Mennys and James Smith were the joint

authors of a small volume, entitled "Musarum Deliciæ;" and not having the book in my collection, I devoted a few hours at the Museum to an attentive perusal of their sprightly volume. But I found nothing beyond the lighter poetry; and Mr. Ellis had already given, in his specimens, the very lovely trifle of "Oberon's Apparel," which placed the writers decidedly in the train of Drayton's Nymphidia, but forbad the slightest suspicion that they could ever arrive at the sustained dignity or peculiar fancy of Shakspeare's "friendly admirer."

I have already said, that I considered this poem to have been written in noble competition with the verses of Ben Jonson. The competition was not the less noble, that a signature was adopted, which effectually concealed the real author from general knowledge.

"Such as do good, and blush to find it fame."

Whether the letters stood for any votive formulary, and were the initials of words in the Latin language, is a conjecture which may be submitted to the curious reader, who may in-

dulge his fancy or his taste among the classical combinations of such a nature; but it is from internal evidence alone, that the real author is to be discovered. Among the cotemporaries of our poet, I considered that no writer shewed more adequate powers than George Chapman, the great translator of Homer and Hesiod: and in the illustrations which I have subjoined to the poem, I have inserted a few parallel passages, without hinting at my ultimate hypothesis. I was aware that a more extended adduction of congenial imagery and expression was indispensable, in the endeavour to prove the verses to have been really composed by Chapman. Perhaps the word *proof* may be improperly chosen, as indicating a certainty, which such disquisitions but rarely attain. I shall be satisfied if I have shewn a *high* degree of PROBABILITY that he was the concealed author. Perhaps he wished to shun a *personal* contest with Ben Jonson—their friendship had been occasionally intermitted, and their lives were drawing to a close—it was sufficient for Chapman, if he displayed, in his happiest vein

of composition, the mighty powers of the only poet to whom he really owed any deference. In the cheerless poverty of age, he awaked the sleeping embers of the muse's fire, and contended anonymously for the palm of best celebrating his immortal friend.

In support of this opinion, we must now examine some of the many indications afforded by Chapman's acknowledged writings. At the very threshold of this search I was struck by a rather whimsical coincidence. In turning over his Homer 1616, among the faults escaped in printing, noted by the poet himself, the very first which he detected in that beautiful volume is thus described: "In the margin, page 176, for *pastime* read *past time*," that is, in fact, 'time past had been made pastime,' by the printer's error. Now in the 31st line of the verses on Shakspeare, we absolutely meet with this singular play upon the words:

> " By a crab-like way,
> " Time past made pastime."

I have no fear that this will be thought purely

fanciful, by readers who have much reflected on the doctrine of association, and been accustomed to trace the origin and progress of our ideas. A recollection of this printer's blunder, discovered while correcting his Homer, might supply the quibble (for it is a quibble) with which he sported in the composition now before us. This is however but the light missile before the weighty attack. The succeeding quotations, while they furnish parallels to the poem illustrated, will claim the reader's veneration, as some of the grandest passages in the literature of our country.

There is nothing more remarkable in our poem, than the noble strain with which it opens —the first eight lines—

A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal surface can make things appear,
Distant a thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent:
To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,
Rowl back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and *Lethe*, where confused lye
Great heaps of ruinous mortality.

The reader, I have no doubt, will find the highest gratification in comparing them with what Chapman says of Homer. In fact, they are the very same thoughts, sometimes but little varied even in the expression, and at others coloured only by the epic and dramatic provinces, which he had undertaken to celebrate. Of the mighty father of poetry he thus writes:

He, at Jove's table set, fils out to us,
Cups, that repaire *age sad and ruinous;*
And gives it built, of an eternal stand,
With all his sinewy Odysséan hand.
Shifts time and fate, puts *death in life's free state;*
And life doth into ages propagate.

To another noble passage I may fairly refer a corresponding picture in the verses on Shakspeare:

The nerves of all things hid in nature, lie
Naked before him; all their harmony
Tun'd to his accents; that in beasts breathe minds.
What fowles, what floods, what earth, what aire, what winds,
What fires ethereal; what the Gods conclude
In all their counsels, *his Muse makes indude*
With *varied voices,* that even *rockes have mov'd.*

This however is, though poetically, yet much subdued, before it is allowed to figure on the garment of the dramatic poet.

And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice:
Here hangs a *mossy rock;* there plays a fair
But chiding fountain, purled; *not the air,*
Nor *clouds* nor *thunder,* but were *living drawn;*
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the Muses know.

I add one more passage from the same epistle dedicatory, because, though it offer nothing identical as to the phrase, yet as to the spirit, it seems to proceed from the only Muse capable of the verses to our Bard.

Truth dwels in gulphs, whose deepes hide shades so rich,
That *night* sits muffled there in clouds of pitch,
More dark than Nature made her; and requires,
To cleare her tough mists, Heaven's great fire of fires;
To whom the Sunne it selfe is but a beame.

The last line might add to the sublimity of the *Night Thoughts.*

But while I shew that the writer of the verses

on Shakspeare has used the same topics as Chapman has selected for the praise of Homer, I am bound to place before the reader the original, which suggested both. Chapman has for the most part translated the following passage in the Ambra of Politian:

Ille Jovis mensæ accumbens, dat pocula nobis
Iliaca porrecta manu, quæ triste repellant
Annorum senium, vitamque in sæcla propagent.
Ille Deum vultus, ille ardua semina laudum
Ostentat populis, ac mentis præpete nisu.
Pervolitat chaos immensum, cœlum, æquora, terras,
Vimque omnem exsinuat rerum, vocesque refundit
Quas fera, quas volucris, quas venti, atque ætheris ignes,
Quas maria, atque amnes, quas dïque hominesque loquantur.
Quin nudam virtutem ipsam complexus honores
Fastidit vanos, et ineptæ præmia famæ
Despicit exemptus vulgo, ac jam monte potitus,
Ridet anelantem dura ad fastigia turbam.

Opera Ang. Polit. Ven. ap Ald. 1498.
Signat. e e, v & vi.

I have a little extended the quotation, for the sake of a becoming close to a most eloquent passage, which contains a fragment often used

in our panegyrics, with perhaps little remembrance where it came from—

Jam monte potitus,
Ridet anelantem dura ad fastigia turbam.

Upon the death of that elegant Critic, and most amiable man, Mr. Tyrwhitt, in the copy of the Canterbury Tales which he had presented to Mr. Malone, my late friend wrote the above quotation opposite a very affecting record of his loss*.

Perhaps I may assume my position to be a little strengthened by the circumstance above mentioned. It is much more likely that the translator of the passage on Homer should have applied some of the topics to his friend Shakspeare, than that a second poet should equally recur to the works of Politian, when delineating the character of a modern bard. This dilemma to be sure is avoided, by supposing that Shakspeare's admirer imitated Chapman; but the

* He wrote vestigia in the passage, instead of fastigia, so that *he* certainly did not take it *direct* from POLITIAN.

"free and heightened style" of the latter was not very easily attained, and I cannot for a moment bring myself to countenance such a supposition.

There may still be persons, who, from the too frequent *quaintness* of Chapman, imagine that any series of lines divested of that *uncouth* companion, cannot be found in him. To such I shall merely present the following exquisite passage of the Hymn to Apollo, translated by Chapman from Homer. Iris acquires the aid of Lucina, and they are thus described on their journey to Delos, for the purpose of giving birth to Apollo:

And on their way they went, like those two doves
That, walking highways, every shadow moves
Up from the earth, forc'd with their natural fear.
When ent'ring Delos, she that is so dear
To dames in labour, made Latona straight
Prone to delivery, and to yield the weight
Of her dear burthen, with a world of ease.
When with her fair hand she a palm did seize,
And staying her by it, stuck her tender knees
Amidst the soft mead; that did smile beneath
Her sacred labour, and the child did breathe

The air in th' instant. All the goddesses
Break in kind tears and shrieks for her quick ease.
And thee, o archer Phœbus with waves clear
Wash'd sweetly over, swaddled with sincere
And spotless swathebands; and made then to flow
About thy breast *a mantle white as snow;*
Fine, and new made; and cast a veil of gold
Over thy forehead. Nor yet forth did hold
Thy mother for thy food her golden breast:
But Themis, in supply of it, address'd
Lovely Ambrosia.*

Perhaps the reader will be reminded here of the "well-lined vesture rich and neat," with which the Muses in the poem clothe their beloved Shakspeare; he may also notice that the poet god, and the god of poets, are equally nourished with *ambrosian* meat: but he will certainly be reminded of one, who to delicacy, and grace, and harmony, could join the clearest and most expressive terms in the language, and by this passage alone prove himself to be equal to the splendid tribute, which has given rise to the present inquiry.

* See my friend Singer's beautiful edition of the Hymns of Homer, p. 26.

In a work principally directed to the person of Shakspeare, I have been led into an illustration of his poetical character. I rejoice that I have been driven for a parallel to what Politian and Chapman have sung so divinely of Homer. I shall be excused for saying something of the person also of the latter poet. The received head is that in the Townley Collection. Casts have been multiplied of this bust, though I know not that it is derived from any authority. It expresses with great truth the condition of blindness, but makes but a slender attempt to represent his genius. I therefore call the attention of the public to the following passage, which Chapman has given in the prolegomena of Homer, from which, if I do not greatly deceive myself, we possess one artist, who could model a figure, worthy to stand by the Moses of Michael Angelo:

" First what kind of person HOMER was, saith Spondanus, his statue teacheth, which Cedrenus describeth. Then was the Octagonon at Constantinople consumed with fire, and the bath of Severus that bore the name of Zeuxippus: in which there was much varietie of spectacle

and splendor of arts; the workes of all ages being conferred, and preserved there, of marble, rockes, stones, and images of brasse; to which, this onely wanted; that the soules of the persons they presented were not in them.

" Amongst these master-pieces, and all-wit-exceeding workmanships, stood Homer, as he was in his age, thoughtfull and musing: his hands folded beneath his bosome; his beard untrimmed, and hanging downe; the haire of his head in like sort thinne on both sides before; his face with age and cares of the world (as these imagine) wrinkled and austere; his nose proportioned to his other parts; his eyes fixt or turned up to his eye browes, like one blind (as it is reported he was), not *born* blind, saith Vell. Paterculus, which he that imagins is blind of all senses. Upon his under coate he was attired with a loose robe; and at the base beneath his feet, a brazen chaine hung. This was the statue of Homer, which in that conflagration perished."

Such is the truly graphic record of a statue worthy, we may be sure, of the mighty subject.

I have used the attraction of Shakspeare's name, as a vehicle to recommend such an effort to our native sculptors; and should indeed triumph, were I so fortunate as to elicit a work, which even in degree might compensate so great a loss.

An author is usually fuller upon the pains than the pleasure of his task. The delight with which Shakspeare inspires his sincere votaries, makes "all their labours pleasures." But I have, I confess, indulged a decided *partiality* (I dare not call it *taste*) in striving to render Chapman better known among us. Mr. Lamb, in his curious and most valuable work, "The Specimens," had spoken of Chapman in that happy distinctive way, that marks his characters of all the early dramatic poets. What he says of his Homer in particular, is as bold as it is true. But I think he might have extended his commendation so as to assert, what I am sure *he* will never deny, the amazing harmony and sweetness of Chapman's lighter efforts, and the tender and graceful images that sometimes floated before his fancy. I will not refuse my-

self the pleasure of laying one such passage before my readers; it is from a very scarce poem, and describes the flight of Andromeda.

Her most wise mother yet, the sterne intent,
Vow'd with her best endeavour to prevent.
And tolde her what her father did addresse;
Shee (fearfull) fled into the wildernesse:
And to th' instinct of savage beasts would yeeld,
Before a father that would cease to shield
A daughter, so divine and innocent:
Her feet were wing'd, and all the search out went,
That after her was ordered: but she flew,
And burst the winds that did incenst pursue,
And with enamoured sighes, her parts assaile,
Plaide with her haire, and held her by the vaile:
From whom shee brake, and did to woods repaire:
Still where shee went, her beauties dide the ayre,
And with her warme blood, made proud Flora blush:
But seeking shelter in each shadie bush:
Beauty like fire comprest, more strength receives;
And shee was still seene shining through the leaves.
Hunted from thence, the sunne even burn'd to see,
So more then sunne-like a divinity,
Blinded her eyes, and all invasion seekes
To dance upon the mixture of her cheekes,
Which show'd to all, that follow'd after far,
As underneath the roundure of a starre,

The evening skie is purpled with his beames:
Her lookes fir'd all things with her love's extreames.
Her necke a chaine of orient pearle did decke,
The pearles were faire, but fairer was her necke:
Her breasts (laid out) show'd all enflamed sights
Love, lie a sunning, twixt two Crysolites:
Her naked wrists showde, as if through the skie,
A hand were thrust, to signe the Deitie.
Her hands, the confines, and digestions were
Of beauties' world; Love fixt his pillars there.

ANDROMEDA LIBERATA,
By George Chapman.

Printed for Laurence Lisle, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Paule's Church-yard, at the signe of the Tiger's-head. 1614.

On a matter so purely incidental, I do not chuse to occupy more space; I therefore close my remarks with the declaration, that George Chapman, in my opinion, was the author of the verses on Shakspeare, subscribed, "The friendly Admirer of his Endowments." As a slight coincidence, still to be noted, when, in 1594, he dedicated his two hymns to his "*worthy*" friend Master Matthew Roydon, he closes by terming himself, "The true Admirer of his Virtues."

ADDITIONAL REMARKS,

AS TO THE PORTRAIT BY CORNELIUS JANSEN.

In the Critical Review for December 1770, the print by Earlom is thus noticed:

King Lear, 8vo. *price* 3*s*.—A mezzotinto of the author, by the ingenious Mr. Earlom, (whose industry and abilities do honour to the rising arts of Great Britain), is placed at the head of it. We should have been glad indeed, to have some better proofs concerning the authenticity of the original, than a bare assertion that it was painted by Cornelius Jansen*, and is to be found in a

* Walpole says, Jansen's first works are dated in England about 1618; this picture bears date in 1610. The only true picture of Shakspeare supposed to be now extant, was painted either by Richard Burbage, or John Taylor the player, the latter of whom left it by will to Davenant. After his death, Betterton bought it; and

private collection, which we are not easily inclined to treat with much respect, especially as we hear it is filled with the performances of one of the most contemptible daubers of the age.

These kind observations were from the pen of Mr. Steevens himself, who being then engaged with Dr. Johnson in preparing the edition of 1773, seized the opportunity, readily afforded to such a writer, of defeating a rival editor. I cannot but lament that he should stoop to this sort of warfare; but I shall prove immediately, what Mr. Jennens could only suspect, that he actually wrote the review of the new edition of King Lear. Let us look at the sort of pleasantry with which the editor of the obnoxious work is assailed.

" Though for the service of his author he might have been tempted, like *Prince Harry*, to have *robbed an*

when he died, Mr. Keck of the Temple, gave 40 guineas for it to Mrs. Barry the actress. From him it descended to Mr. Nicholl of Southgate, by whose daughter it afterwards came to the present Marquis of Caernarvon, in whose possession we believe it still remains.—*Note of the Reviewer.*

Exchequer, or fleeced a *King's collectors,* or even to have stolen with *Dumain,* an egg out of a cloister; yet he should not with *Bardolph* have descended to *filch* a *lute-case;* with *Pistol* to *murder a poor whore's ruff;* or with *Falstaff* to make a bankrupt of Mrs. *Quickly.*"

The preceding is a favourite illustration of Mr. Steevens; and as the life of a review is not unreasonably long, he was perhaps justified in repeating himself more than twenty years afterwards. In the supplement to Richardson's Proposals, December 1794, our friend Bardolph again makes his appearance. "The artist," says Mr. Steevens, "who could have *filched* from Droeshout, like Bardolph, might have 'stolen a lute-case, carried it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence.' "

The writer in the Critical Review, again notices Earlom's print in the month of January following:

" Concerning this print we will have no controversy; but we still adhere to our former opinion, that the soul of the mezzotinto is not the soul of Shakspeare. It has been the fate of Shakspeare to have many mistakes committed both about his soul and body: Pope exhibited him under the form of James the First."

Having already considered what respects Jansen's residence in this country, and proved certainly that he *might* have painted Shakspeare, the preceding extracts furnish little to call for additional remark, unless it be that we gather by implication, that Mr. Steevens believed in 1770 the Chandos Head to be a *true* picture of the poet.

But it may be gratifying a reasonable curiosity, as the pamphlet is before me, to let the reader see something of the reply made by Mr. Jennens to the Reviewer: the passage which I shall select, touches also upon the picture:

"There are three sorts of people that these reviewers seem to bear a mortal antipathy to, viz. the old, the fat, and the industrious: from which we have great reason to conclude, that none of them are either old, or fat, or industrious. Young, unfledged criticks, we think they have sufficiently proved themselves to be; and criticism in such hands, especially when unaccompanied by industry, is not likely either to thrive itself, or to fatten its owners.

"But they think, contrary to all the philosophers that went before them, that age is not the proper period for criticism. It is their opinion that long experience does

not improve the judgment; that a life spent in study does not ripen the mental abilities; that a man may know more in twenty or thirty years than he can in sixty or seventy; and that those who are acquainted with the first rudiments of learning only, are better qualified for criticks than those who have gathered all the fruits of science.

"Concerning the authenticity of the picture from which the mezzotinto print of Shakspeare was taken, they have dropt the controversy; and we are very glad they have so much sense and modesty left, as to find out what impudence and absurdity they have been guilty of, in calling in question a picture they have never seen, and without any provocation abusing a person whom the generality of the world have thought fit to esteem an artist that excels in the higher branch of painting, and of whose performances Mr. *Jennens* has many, though his collection cannot be said to be *filled with them*, (as the Critical Reviewers say they hear), their number being inconsiderable when compared with the whole collection.

"They say, 'we still adhere to our former opinion, that the soul of the mezzotinto is not the soul of Shakspeare.' Who said it was? The soul of a picture cannot be the soul of a man; but a picture may be *like* a man's soul, when it is made to express those qualities and dispositions which we discover him by his writings to have been possest of."—*Vindication of King Lear.*

It is to be regretted that petulant criticism seems to have suppressed what evidence Mr. Jennens could have brought forward—he disdained the attack as coarse and ungentlemanly, (as in truth it was), and insolent enough to call for something beyond literary chastisement. I shall merely add the Reviewer's farewell to the proprietor of Gopsal—"Vale, Jennine noster! literatorum omnium minime princeps!"

While the engravings for this work were in progress, I was unremitting in my inquiries after the picture, which, as I have stated at page 79, was no longer the ornament of Gopsal. At length I succeeded in tracing it to its present residence:—this portrait of Shakspeare is now the property of His Grace the Duke of Somerset, and I have understood was a present to him from the late Duke of Hamilton.

I have unquestionable authority for saying that it came up with a considerable part of the collection from Gopsal, and was bought by

Woodburn for His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, somewhere about fifteen years back. To expatiate upon the absurdity which parted with it from Gopsal, in strong terms, would seem like a regret that it is now in the metropolis; a feeling that I cannot entertain, since otherwise I might never have had the satisfaction of comparing it with Earlom's print.

Although I had not the honour to be known to His Grace, I took the liberty to communicate my wish to inspect the picture, and from the country orders were transmitted to give me every accommodation for that purpose. As it was placed near the top of the room, it was taken carefully down, and put in a proper light for examination. It had been removed from its ancient frame, into one of greater value but less interest. The portrait is on pannel, and attention will be required to prevent a splitting of the oak in two places, if my eye have not deceived me.

It is no made up questionable thing, like so many that are foisted upon us. It is an early picture by Cornelius Jansen, tenderly and

beautifully painted. Time seems to have treated it with infinite kindness; for it is quite pure, and exhibits its original surface. The epithet *gentle*, which cotemporary fondness attached to the name of Shakspeare, seems to be fully justified by the likeness before us. The expression of the countenance really equals the demand of the fancy; and you feel that every thing was possible to a being so happily constituted.

I had supposed, although I knew Earlom to have been a great mannerist, that with some little allowance for his peculiar style, he would have been kept, by Mr. Jennens's veneration for the poet, in some measure faithful to the picture. But he had been faithless beyond measure; and indeed none of the parts were accurately reduced by him. He had lessened the amplitude of the forehead—he had altered the form of the skull—he had falsified the character of the mouth—and though his engraving was still beautiful, and the most agreeable exhibition of the poet, I found it would be absolutely ne-

cessary to draw the head again, as if he had never exercised his talents upon it.

The noble possessor of the picture afforded every facility to the artist for this object; and Mr. Turner has produced an engraving in consequence, which may be considered as giving the genuine character and expression of the picture. Mr. Turner thought, in examining the liberties taken by Mr. Earlom, that he had however judged wisely, in not copying the *figured* satin of the dress. In the picture, the charm of colour blended the pattern and the ground into one rich mass, and it by no means injured the expression of the head; but in the print, it would have disturbed the grand effect, to have imitated such *trivial* parts; he, therefore, with my entire concurrence, kept the dress dark, that the brilliant effect of the head might be quite undisturbed.

Comparing it with the other portraits, it certainly most resembles the head by Droeshout in the folio 1623. But, as works of art, the rudeness of the one is as obvious as the refine-

ment of the other. Still as fidelity was equally dear to both the artists, in their very contrasted styles, they alike, though not equally, exhibit the countenance of the poet, and thus illustrate and confirm the representations of each other.

At the conclusion of this article, I seize the opportunity of expressing publicly my respectful acknowledgments to the possessor of this noble portrait; and am truly happy in laying before the public a most beautiful engraving from the portrait of Shakspeare by Cornelius Jansen, in the collection of His Grace the Duke of Somerset.

At the close, as I conceived, of my inquiry, my attention was excited by the publication of a small Head of the Poet, from an original picture in the possession of J. W. Croker, Esq. M. P. I sent for the engraving, and found it a very unfaithful and poor attempt indeed, to express the picture by Jansen. The next step, in course, was to see the work from which it professed to be taken. Mr. Croker with the

utmost readiness indulged my curiosity, and agreeably surprised me by the sight of an absolute fac simile of the Duke's picture. I see no difference whatever in the execution—the character of course is identical. It should, however, be observed, that although the Duke's picture is on pannel, Mr. Croker's is on canvass. I must add to this remark, that the picture on canvass has no date or age painted upon it, and that the portrait is an oval within a square; in other words, the angles are rounded off. The mode, Mr. Croker tells me, in which the picture was discovered, was singularly remarkable. It was hidden behind a pannel, in one of the houses lately pulled down near the site of Old Suffolk-street, and he purchased it in a state of comparative filth and decay. It has been very judiciously cleaned and lined, but no second pencil has ever been allowed to touch it. This discovery of pictures behind wainscoting is not unusual, particularly in the country. It was once the practice in plastered walls, to insert frames of the same colour, and these formed all the decorations of the pictures.

Subsequently, when it was determined to wainscoat an apartment, the picture was often become so sallow by time and dirt, as to be hardly visible, and was so deemed not worth the trouble of extraction, and therefore covered along with the wall which inclosed it. An instance of this kind comes positively within my own knowledge.

Had it been possible, I should have pursued the inquiry to the ascertainment of the identical house from which it came, and thus at all events have tried to trace out its ancient possessor. But Mr. Croker could give me no further detail. He received the account without suspicion, for the picture was obviously ancient, and from its condition, had as obviously been hidden. He bought it liberally, and has reason to congratulate himself upon the acquisition.

In talking over the subject of Shakspeare's portrait with Mr. Croker, that gentleman very fairly put before me a doubt which he said had frequently entered his mind, whether Shakspeare was a person of sufficient worldly importance to

have his portrait painted in the style of the picture which then hung before us? As I know such a notion has occurred to many of the poet's fondest admirers, it may be proper to throw what light I am able, upon a point so worthy of investigation. If the high admiration of genius, of itself established the right to such a distinction, there can be little room to dispute, that among many of the greatest men of that age, his powers were as justly appreciated, and himself as highly honoured, as our most ardent love for him could wish to have been the case. Still there is the distressing fact before us, that Spenser, with very striking claims, was neglected and reduced to poverty, and might have wanted at all events a *distinguished* grave, but for the munificence of that great but erring character, the Earl of Essex*. We have further

* Edmund Spenser, qui obiit apud diversorium in platea Regia, apud Westmonasterium juxta London, 16° die Januarij 1598 (1598-9 of course). Juxtaq: Geffereum Chaucer, in eadem ecclesia supradict: Honoratissimi Comitis Essexiæ impensis sepelitur.—HENRY CAPELL, 1598. *In Mr. Brand's copy of F. Q.* 1596.

to consider, that the profession of an actor was not at that time reputable, and that Shakspeare himself has complained that his name was injured by "the quality he professed*." It may therefore still be requisite to shew the degree of worldly consideration which attached to him, and to prove that very considerable things were sought, and probably acquired, through the medium of his influence with the great personages, his friends and patrons. Now it appears from some papers, which Mr. Malone did not live to work into his biography of the poet, that in the years 1597 and 1598, the elder Mr. Richard Quiney was in London, soliciting a renewal and enlargement of the charter, and an exemption for the borough of STRATFORD from a subsidy granted by parliament. The plea on which they claimed this exemption, before the Lord Treasurer Burghley, was poverty and distress occasioned by two

* Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
SONNET CXI.

recent fires. Upon this and many other topics, Abraham Sturley, on the 24th January, 1597-8, writes a letter from Stratford to Mr. Quiney. I have no business with more of it, than relates to Shakspeare, his circumstances, his influence, and his connexions. The following I copy literatim:

"This is one special remembrance from ur fathrs motion. It seemeth bi him that or countriman Mr Shakspẽ is willing to disburse some monej upon some od yardeland or other att Shottrj or neare about us. He thinketh it a very fitt patterne to move HIM *to deale in the* matter of or Tithes. Bj the instructions u can give him theareof, & bj *the frendes he can make therefore,* we thinke it a faire marke *for him to shoot at,* & not unpossible to hitt. It obteined would advance him in deede, & would do us much good—hoc movere & quantum in te ẽ p̄movere, ne negligas: hoc enim et *sibi* et nobis maximi erit momenti: hic labor, hoc opus esset eximiæ et gloriæ et laudis sibi."

Thus we find, that so early as 1597-8, and when, with the exception of Romeo and Juliet, he had (according to Mr. Malone's chronology) written no one of his greatest productions,

Shakspeare was enabled to purchase land in his own county, and in the opinion of his relations and townsmen, able to make such friends as should very materially benefit his native place, whose interests there can be no doubt he warmly felt and promoted.

We are next in the letter presented with a picture of the discontents of the writer's neighbours at the excessive dearness of corn, and the popular outcry in consequence against the maltsters. As the narrative is very simple and very natural, I shall throw a little of it into modern orthography, for a purpose, which will appear at the end of the extract.

"They have assembled together in great numbers, and travelled to Sir THOMAS LUCY on Friday last, to complain of our maltsters. On Sunday to Sir Fulk Greville and Sir John Conway. There is a meeting here expected to-morrow: the Lord knoweth to what end it will sort. Thomas West returning from the two Knights of the Woodland, (just mentioned) came home so full, that he said to Mr. Baily that night, he hoped within a week to lead of them in a halter, meaning the maltsters; and I hope, saith Thomas Granams, *if God*

send my Lord of Essex down shortly, to see them hanged on gibbets at their own doors*."

Here we have a glance at *one* of the friends whom the Poet might be expected to secure towards the object of his townsmen. We have in addition exhibited one of those simple reliances of the common people upon their favourites, from whom the most decided impossibilities are with full confidence expected; and in the fate of Essex we see the corresponding reliance upon the people, as idly and more mischievously placed. There is a charm however in perusing such familiar correspondence as the above, which is easier felt than described. We view the great men of history operating upon familiar life, and understand and feel more distinctly the ties which united them with the general mass.

Having thus shewn the early consequence of

* Mr. Richard Quiney's address in town will complete this amusing record of the past:—"To his most loveinge brother Mr. Richard Quiney, at the Bell in Carter Lane, att London, give these."

the Poet, in a worldly sense, there is no difficulty in conceiving its progressive increase*, from the decided patronage of King James; the restoration of Lord Southampton to liberty and the new sovereign's favour; the rival ardour of the excellent William Earl of Pembroke, who, we are told, was a decided favourer of the poet and his writings; and indeed from the resplendent claims of his own genius upon all who were worthy to follow it, proceeding as he did from one brilliant production to another, and exhibiting ONE and TWENTY of his most perfect dramas, within the short space of about THIRTEEN YEARS.

I should therefore find not the slightest difficulty in believing that both SOUTHAMPTON and PEMBROKE would order Jansen to enrich their respective seats with the most perfect likeness of Shakspeare; and grateful indeed must have

* This is proved by his purchase, in the 44th year of the Queen, of 107 acres of arable land, lying in Old Stratford, in the county of Warwick, for which he paid to his friends William and John Combe, the very considerable sum, at that period, of 320*l.* current English money.

been their consciousness, as the resemblance hung before them, that they had not confined themselves to barren admiration, but had advanced the fortunes of the exalted genius whom they had honoured, yes HONOURED, with their personal friendship.

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